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A CORNER IN THE MARKET-PLACE.—PICTURE BY E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The bewailings of the gentlemen of the Press who cannot get out of town, at this season of the year, are heartrending; and far be it from me to suggest that their indignation is simulated, or evoked by the absence of other topics to write about. But all is not "beer and skittles" even with us who are on our holiday. In the first place, at this present writing, the weather is wet, and a "dry skittle-alley" (so important, as it would seem, for the enjoyment of the game) is not always procurable, while as for beer there are few of us who dare drink that nectar. Comparisons are odious, but—setting aside the fact that those who are thus bewailing their sad lot have either already had their holiday or are going to have it—I venture to think we have not so very much the best of them. London is never so pleasant as when it is empty; for, though one misses one's friends, one also misses, let us not say our enemies, but those we can very well bear to miss, and who are in much greater proportion. The parks are become the private pleasure grounds of the Londoners; their club perhaps is shut, but they are taken in by another club, to whose members their stories are comparatively new, and where they are treated with a politeness that is only possible when we know people are only to be with us for a very short time. Their own club-bores are in Switzerland or Timbuctoo, gathering, no doubt, a store of wearisome experiences to be related to them eventually; but travel has always its dangers, and they may never have to listen to them: at all events, they are enjoying a present immunity for which they ought to be truly thankful. There are scores of places of daily amusement, and half a dozen theatres, open to them, let the weather be wet or fine. When they take their meals they have two waiters apiece, and may imagine themselves millionaires. They are estimated, by reason of their rarity, by all the shopkeepers on the highest scale—and charged upon the lowest; even the cabmen are civil to them, and call them "captain," or even "your honour." I don't wish to dwell upon the contrast between their condition and that of us holiday-makers; no one ever heard me complain; but still it is not agreeable to be sitting in a strange hotel or a furnished lodging-house, with one's last novel finished and one's mind monopolised by such questions as "Will the local geological museum be better than this?" or "If I order a fire this awful weather, will the chimney smoke?"

Since writing the above the Orb of Day has returned. It has been to Scotland (Scotchmen say, though I have my doubts), but is now with us, says the weather-glass, for good. What a difference his cheerful countenance does make when we are holiday-making! "When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling"—when the plagiarist is not engaged in his dreadful trade—he loves to lie a-basking in the sun. Let no one now say one word against our seaside paradise. As for your theatres and your clubs—"your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades"—who wants them? The idea of "sweating in the crowded theatre" (as Cowper elegantly puts it) or playing at cards in this summer weather is repulsive to all properly constituted minds. I am really sorry for the poor devils left in town. Tears of compassion tremble in my eyelids at their pitiful story; only there must be none of Nature's tears. "Whether or no" is a phrase not meant for our holidays.

There is only one drawback to sunshine at the seaside: the aborigines are not half so agreeable to you as when it is wet. The landlords, the lodging-house keepers, the flymen, the boatmen are civility itself when it has been pouring for a week or two. The hotel managers have "never known the weather so bad," but "the worst is over" (as if they knew!), and the rest of the season will be charming. You are surely not thinking of leaving at so inopportune a moment? Your custom is solicited on all hands, as it would seem, for the mere honour of your patronage; and in your mackintosh you are a *persona grata* to everybody. But when fine weather sets in you are no longer master of the situation. Rents rise as rooms get scarce, and fares, by land or sea, go up to fancy prices. No longer "Doldrum, the manager, sits in his chair, With gloomy brow and dissatisfied air," wondering what sort of dividend will be paid by his hotel company this season. Spinks, from the City, who has found fault with everything in the place for a month with unfailing regularity, finds his complaints no longer listened to: he is plainly informed that "his money is no better than other people's," while he himself is a good deal worse; as to the rooms being too high, or too low, "let him take 'em or leave 'em"; and he is assured that "he is not everybody," as he began to think he was.

There is nothing like a sensational criminal trial for gauging the intelligence of the crowd. The amateur newspaper correspondent who has "given an equal attention to the case to that paid by the Judge and jury," and who signs himself "Justitia" or "Ruat Cœlum," is the Foolometer of the nation. His letters are the lead-line by which we plumb the depths of the general dulness. There is, however, a humorous charm in the contradictory character of his arguments, which remind one of the pleas put in in defence of libels—(1) they were never uttered; (2) they were statements made in the public interest. In the Liverpool murder case the points that are most dwelt upon by this entertaining scribe are (1) that Mr. Maybrick was killed by the arsenic with which he dosed himself, and not by anything administered to him; and (2) that arsenic was not the cause of his decease. The arguments of the same class of logician in the Tichborne case were (1) that the claimant was the rightful heir; and (2) that there was a prejudice against the poor fellow because he was the son of a butcher.

Let the sleepless rejoice, for there is good news for them. The magistrates who have asserted that in free England any man may keep beast and bird to make night hideous with their cries, and rob their fellow-creatures of their sleep, are, it

seems, unacquainted with the law. It is true that they themselves have no power to put a stop to such nuisances, but an appeal to "the Sessions Court" can do it. In the case of a medical gentleman who kept crowing cocks (perhaps with the intention of doing a little business in sedatives) it has been decided by that "most righteous judge," Mr. Commissioner Kerr, that "men are not free to keep animals to the destruction of their neighbour's peace." Instead of the cock being sacrificed to *Asculapius* in the ancient fashion, *Asculapius* has had to sacrifice his own chanticleer. "The defendant," writes the injured party, with pardonable exultation, "was made to enter the dock, out of which a common felon a moment before had emerged, and then pleaded guilty." Such a judge ought to have a statue; but what marble breathes that could depict him? The painter's art alone could do that Justice—justice. What a picture it would make! The judgment of Solomon—which was, after all, only about a couple of babies—would never compare with it. The applicant, worn out with sleepless nights, appealing to high heaven; the defendant acknowledging his crime, and entering into his recognisances; the cock giving its last crow, ere the executioner cuts its head off. Beautiful, beautiful!

The committee that recommends birch rods for domestic use has reason to congratulate itself on its progress in public favour. From an advertisement in a fashionable paper it seems that that long-sought-for desideratum in education, "the comforts of a home combined with the discipline of school," has been discovered at last. "To parents.—Unruly girls and boys of any age visited and punished [this, then, is the true meaning of being "visited for our transgressions"] at their own houses by a thorough disciplinarian, accustomed to administer corporal punishment. Terms, 5s. for two visits." One would have hoped in the case of a "thorough disciplinarian"—a gentleman who understood his business—that one visit would have been enough; but even in this branch of the higher education it appears that the ordinary system of "a reduction on taking a quantity" holds good. For a guinea no doubt one could get a ticket "for the course," as at the swimming baths. It is curious that the immense convenience to the culprits of being "waited upon at their own homes" is not made more of. The professor no doubt supplies his own instruments, though the statement is omitted. Let us hope, for the sake of nervous persons in the neighbourhood, that it includes a gag. His calling is certainly a novelty. I have known every kind of tutor to be employed in home education, but never this one. The gentleman who taught the young people to dance was the nearest approach to him.

A poor lady has aroused great indignation by evading a subpoena. Her evidence was of no great moment, but the trial was a sensational one, and all concerned in it were exceptionally exposed to that fierce light which beats against the witness-box, to the great annoyance of those who stand there. "My dear," was what she probably said to her husband, "I really cannot face such an ordeal. I have done nothing, I hope, to be ashamed of; but the idea of being pulled to pieces by those dreadful counsel, before everybody, appalls me. What I have got to say can do neither harm nor good to anybody. I'm off to the Continent, and will send you my address, in a few days—after that trial is over." She committed, in so doing, no legal offence, I suppose. She had not "withdrawn herself from the jurisdiction of the Court" after it had summoned her. How was she to know what it had in its august mind? What was more natural than at this season of the year she should refresh herself by foreign travel? When the man came with the subpoena, and asked her husband where she was, he truthfully replied that he did not know. Of course, he was disbelieved; though a wife can rarely tell where her husband is, a husband is always supposed to know whether his wife has gone: they compared him to the frog who swallowed the duck's egg, and when the duck came to ask about it, exclaimed, "How should I know?" And since he could not be subpoenaed (nor if he could would it have been equally satisfactory, for a female witness is greatly more interesting than a male), the public began to inveigh against his wife. The absent are always in the wrong, but never so much so as when we want to get something out of them; and no words are too hard for the pelting of this poor lady. For my part, I entirely sympathise with her, and hope she is enjoying herself. While the license of counsel is what it is, and the torture of cross-examination, without the least reference to the matter in hand, is permitted in our law courts, nothing seems to me more natural than that a nervous woman, conscious of having nothing particular to disclose about the matter in question, but very much alarmed at being questioned in some offensive manner about her own affairs, should evade the ordeal.

The deliverance of all legal testimony is so contrived as to make it as "trying" to the witness as though he were the criminal himself; but the most dangerous of all evidence is that which one volunteers, for certain reasons (but not good ones), in private circles, and which, having reached the ears of the Law, one is afterwards called upon to substantiate in the witness-box. The most painful example of this occurred in the case of the murder of Mr. Benjamin Brown in a first-class railway carriage. Jones, meaning no harm (and, indeed, with the object of avoiding harm), had happened to tell his wife, in explaining how he was so late from the City, that he had come down as usual in the train with "old Brown." That trifling indiscretion, committed on the spur of the moment, and only intended to give, as it were, a local colour to a story which, to say truth, stood in some need of embellishment to make it attractive to Mrs. Jones, almost cost him his life. Of course it was most unlucky and annoying that, since Jones travelled with Brown every day of his life (or, at least, six days out of seven), that on the day he did not travel with him, though he had said he did, Brown should have been murdered, but so it was; and therefore it happened

that Jones, by his own confession, was the very last person known to have been in company with Brown. Mrs. Jones, on reading of the catastrophe the next morning, after Jones had left for his office, was naturally elated at having the latest information about poor Brown to give, and at once communicated it to her friends. Its bearing upon her husband never struck the good lady; for, indeed, she knew him to be incapable of a crime, and thought him (but that, alas! did not last long) innocent even of a peccadillo. In the end, poor Jones, by what is called "Prisoner's Testimony" (in his case a story of painful domestic interest), escaped the gallows, but was condemned by public opinion, and sentenced very properly (by his wife) to a life of perpetual servitude, with severe moral castigations. It was the last time that Jones was known to volunteer testimony upon any subject.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

We have described the composition of the two opposed squadrons, more intelligibly called the Attacking Fleet and the Defending Fleet; the former (officially termed the B Squadron) under command of Admiral Baird, with Admiral D'Arcy Irvine as his second in command; the latter (the A Squadron) commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, with Admiral Tracey second, and with detached squadrons guarding Plymouth, Sheerness, with the Nore, the Downs, and Dover, also at Hull, Leith, and the eastern coast. Admiral Baird's fleet is supposed to be that of an enemy in possession of Ireland, with its appointed rendezvous at Achill Island, Mayo, on the west coast, with hostile designs against Great Britain: its operations were begun at Queenstown, the harbour of Cork, and at Berehaven, in Bantry Bay. Sir George Tryon's headquarters are in Milford Haven, near the south entrance of St. George's Channel; but he has a squadron in Lamlash Bay, Isle of Arran, outside the entrance to the Firth of Clyde, with which to protect the north channel into the Irish Sea, and the commercial ports of Glasgow and Liverpool. The Attacking Fleet, acting within certain limits of distance, is to do its worst in the nominal capture of British merchant-vessels at sea. Ships of either fleet are understood to be captured after being forced to engage in a mimic combat with a decidedly superior force, during two hours, and being unable to get away; they are then transferred to the opposing fleet. The fortifications, coastguard stations, harbour and coaling accommodations, and telegraph offices of Ireland are supposed to be in possession of the enemy until any of them are captured by the British fleet.

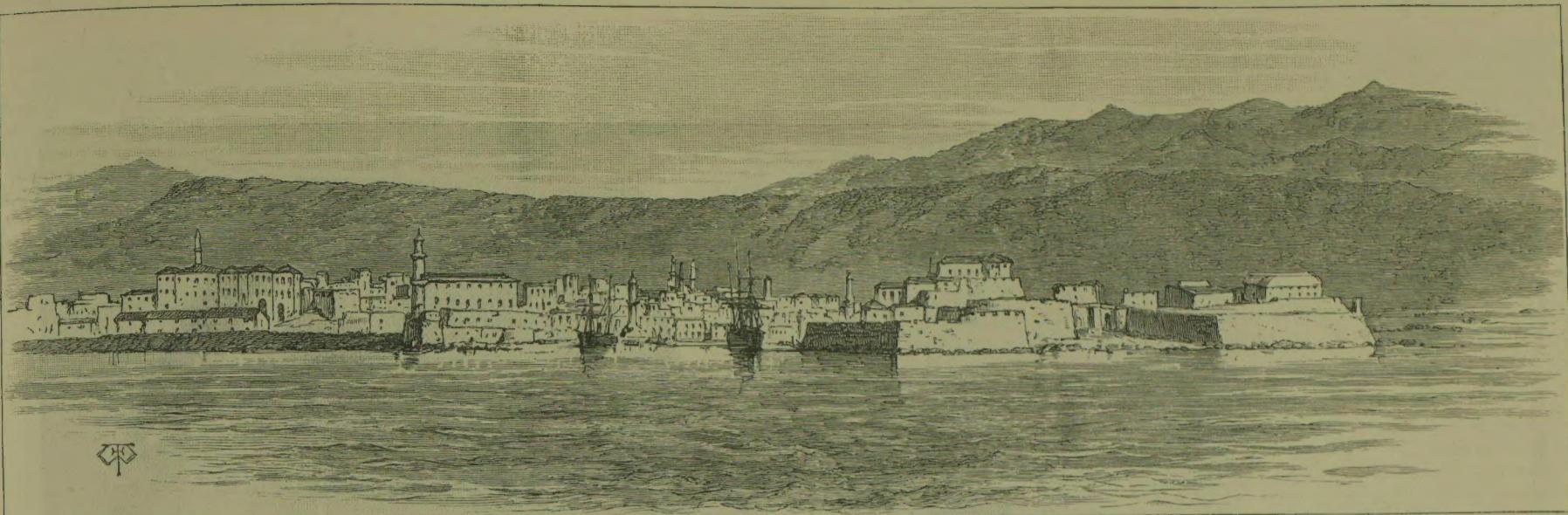
War was declared, by an order of the Admiralty, at six o'clock in the morning on Thursday, Aug. 15, to continue during fourteen days. The Defending Fleet (the A Squadron) then lay at Milford Haven, Sir George Tryon's flag-ship being H.M.S. Hercules; while the Attacking Fleet (the B Squadron) was divided between Queenstown, where Admiral Baird's flag was hoisted on board H.M.S. Northumberland, and Bantry Bay, where a portion of this force was stationed under Admiral D'Arcy Irvine. As soon as the telegram for the commencement of hostilities was received by Admiral Baird at Queenstown, his ships left that harbour and put to sea in the following order: Camperdown, Iris, Inflexible, Hero, Iron Duke, Rattlesnake, Curlew, Northumberland, flotilla of eight torpedo-boats, torpedo dépôt-ship Hecla, cruisers Magicienne, Mersey, and Immortalité. After passing Roche's Point, the ships went through a series of evolutions, and then steered to the southward. They were to be joined from Bantry Bay by Admiral D'Arcy Irvine's portion of the fleet, which included the Devastation, Anson, Collingwood, Monarch, Australia, Calypso, Nymphe, the first-class torpedo-boat Grasshopper, and several smaller torpedo-boats.

In the meantime the Defending Fleet (the A Squadron) came out of Milford Haven in single file, consisting of the ironclads not capable of a speed of much more than ten knots—namely, first the Hercules, Sir George Tryon's flag-ship, followed in their order by the Invincible, Shannon, Black Prince, Ajax, and Neptune, while the fast battle-ships and all the cruisers were ahead, covering as much ground as possible in skirmishing order, with scouts thrown out on either hand. The Northampton, which is slow, joined the fleet later in the day. The Warspite being the swiftest and most trustworthy ship, with a large coal supply, was sent on to act as a vedette in front of everything. The course steered was north-westerly from Milford Haven.

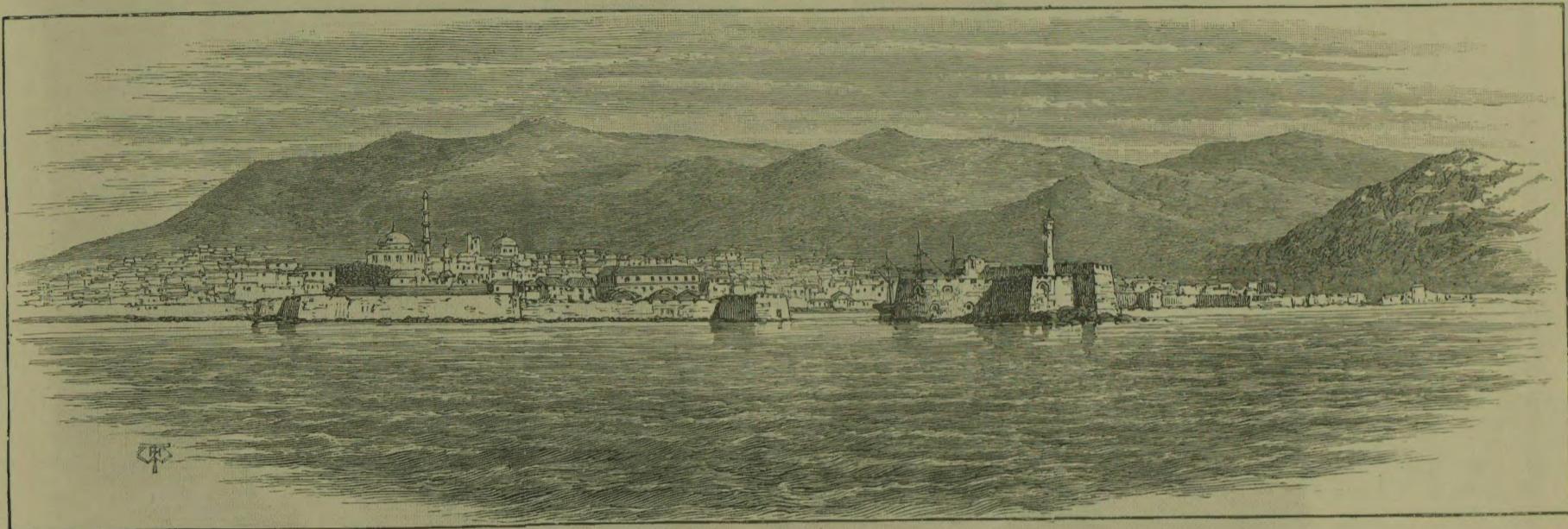
At two o'clock in the afternoon (Thursday) Admiral Tryon arrived off Waterford, and that city became the scene of stirring events. Five torpedo-boats, Nos. 58, 60, 71, 75, and 76, commanded by Lieutenants Cecil Carey, Dudley De Chair, Price Lewes, Harry Jones, and William Boothby, were sent up the river on a mission to the Mayor and civic authorities. They were abundantly strong enough to withstand any attack likely to be made on them by the coastguard or other enemy, but they were supported by the Mohawk and Serpent, which anchored in Waterford Bay, while the belted cruisers swept up and down the coast and the battle-ships cruised at slow speed in the offing. There were no guns fired to simulate a bombardment, neither was any sum of money requisitioned; but the inhabitants were informed that their city was taken, and that they must submit to the destruction of all ships, boats, coal, and other stores, of whatsoever nature, that might possibly be of service to the enemies of Great Britain and be used to her detriment. With this exception, they were informed they would not be molested if they behaved themselves. Otherwise, they would be punished.

Similar operations were carried out about the same time by the Hotspur and Belleisle, with torpedo-boats 51, 52, 53, and 54, at Belfast, and by the Mercury, with torpedo-boats 57, 59, 66, 77, and 81, at Dublin. All the torpedo-boats had their full armament on board, consisting of quick-firing and machine guns, as well as their torpedo-launching tubes. The Clyde or Lamlash Bay squadron, consisting of the Hotspur (flag-ship), the Gorgon, Belleisle, Hearty, Cyclops, Hecate, and Plover, with four torpedo-boats, had promptly crossed the north part of the Irish Sea to Belfast; and it was notified to the Mayor of Belfast by Captain Harvey Royse, senior officer of the advance squadron, that the docks and shipping of Belfast were in the power of the British naval commander.

On the other hand, a portion of the Attacking Fleet had been detached to pass round the west and north-west coasts of Ireland to Lough Swilly, a deep inlet of Donegal, which is as famous as Bantry Bay in the history of attempted French invasions. On Saturday morning the battle-ship Inflexible, the torpedo store-ship Hecla, and the torpedo-catcher Grasshopper, of the B Squadron, arrived in Lough Swilly, and during the day steam-launches were engaged laying submarine mines, which have rendered Lough Swilly impregnable. The Grasshopper remained at Lough Swilly as a decoy to lure the enemy's ships among the mines, and within range of the guns of the Inflexible. It was expected that No. 79 torpedo-boat, with Prince George of Wales on board, belonging to Admiral Baird's fleet,



CANEÀ, FROM THE SEA.



MEGALOKASTRON, FROM THE SEA.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

would arrive in the Lough. The electric lights were used on Saturday night.

But a severe blow was inflicted that day on the combined squadrons of the Attacking Fleet in the Atlantic, some eighty miles south of the Irish coast, in the direction of a line drawn from Cork past the Scilly Isles to Cape Ushant, on the western shore of Britanny. Sir George Tryon, with his flag-ship the Hercules, the Invincible, Shannon, Black Prince, Neptune, and Conqueror, was observing this line, about twenty miles south of the Lizard Point, while the Rodney, Howe, Warspite, the Medea, and two other cruisers, under Admiral Tracey, were posted along the line, watching the approach to the English Channel. Three ships of Admiral Baird's fleet—namely, the Hero, second-class ironclad battle-ship, Captain J. Fellowes, C.B.; the Immortalité, first-class belted cruiser, Captain R. H. Hamond; and the Camperdown, first-class ironclad battle-ship, Captain R. D. King—sent in advance of the hostile force from Queenstown, encountered Admiral Tracey in the Rodney, which was supported by the Howe and Warspite; and all the three ships of the enemy were captured, successively, and were taken as prizes into Falmouth Harbour.

Prince George of Wales, with two torpedo-boats engaged in the naval manoeuvres, steamed into Greenore Harbour at five o'clock on Monday morning, Aug. 19. As they dashed past Blockhouse the boats displayed their numbers, which were 79, commanded by his Royal Highness, and 42, commanded by Lieutenant Kepel. Having anchored they requisitioned water and coal, which was supplied. Prince George and the officers dined at the Greenore Hotel. Great excitement was caused by the arrival of the boats, which were visited by large

crowds during the day. The boats left at eight o'clock at night under secret orders.

On Monday night, in foggy weather and darkness, the Anson, Collingwood, and Australia, of Admiral Baird's fleet, sailed out of Queenstown Harbour, and successfully ran the blockade maintained by Admiral Tryon's fleet, which, having established a complete chain of patrols by swift cruisers, returned to Milford Haven.

Our Illustrations are from sketches by our Special Artists—Mr. J. R. Wells on board H.M.S. Hercules, and Mr. W. Overend on board H.M.S. Northumberland.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

The latest official advices from Crete, if they are to be relied upon, seem to indicate that after the recent fighting the Greek Christian population, unassisted from abroad, and at a disadvantage for want of arms and ammunition, are inclined to listen to reasonable terms. It is reported that they propose to send delegates to Constantinople to negotiate with the Porte; but that as the newly-appointed Turkish Governor, Shakir Pasha, is furnished with full powers, the delegates will not be received. He will, it is hoped, avert further causes of excitement among the Greeks on the island, and prevent help reaching them from the mainland. Unfortunately, the Porte is unable to send ships to aid in watching the coast.

Despatches from the Turkish military commander in Crete, Ibrahim Pasha, state that the Greeks had plundered and burnt several Mussulman villages, and that in retaliation the Turks had destroyed a large Greek village. Further havoc had been

stopped by the intervention of the military, and the general feeling of the population on both sides was calmer. The Mussulman emigration had been stopped, but the Greeks, incited by emissaries from the mainland, were less amenable to persuasion.

The British Consul at Canea has been instructed by the Foreign Office to let it be known among the Greek Christian population that attempts to withdraw Crete from the Turkish sovereignty will receive no encouragement from England, and have no chance of success.

The large island of Crete, sometimes called Candia from the name of its capital, was under the Venetian dominion from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, till it was captured by the Turks: they besieged the city of Candia twenty years, taking it, when reduced to ruins, in September, 1669. In ancient times, Crete was the seat of some of the most flourishing Doric and Ionian colonies from the Grecian Archipelago. The architectural remains, especially in the western districts of the island, are of great interest; they are described by Mr. Charles Edwards, of Wolverhampton, in a book recently noticed. The old Venetian forts and arsenals, and other mediæval buildings, especially at Canea and Megalokastron, are worthy of remark. Of the population of Crete at this time, one third, at least, are Mussulmans, chiefly of Turkish or Albanian descent, occupying the towns of the north coast. The interior of the island is mountainous and rugged, the summit of Mount Ida being 7670 ft. high, and the southern coast is bare and rocky; here, in the district of Si haki, dwells a primitive Doric race of highlanders, who are the actual insurgents on the present occasion.

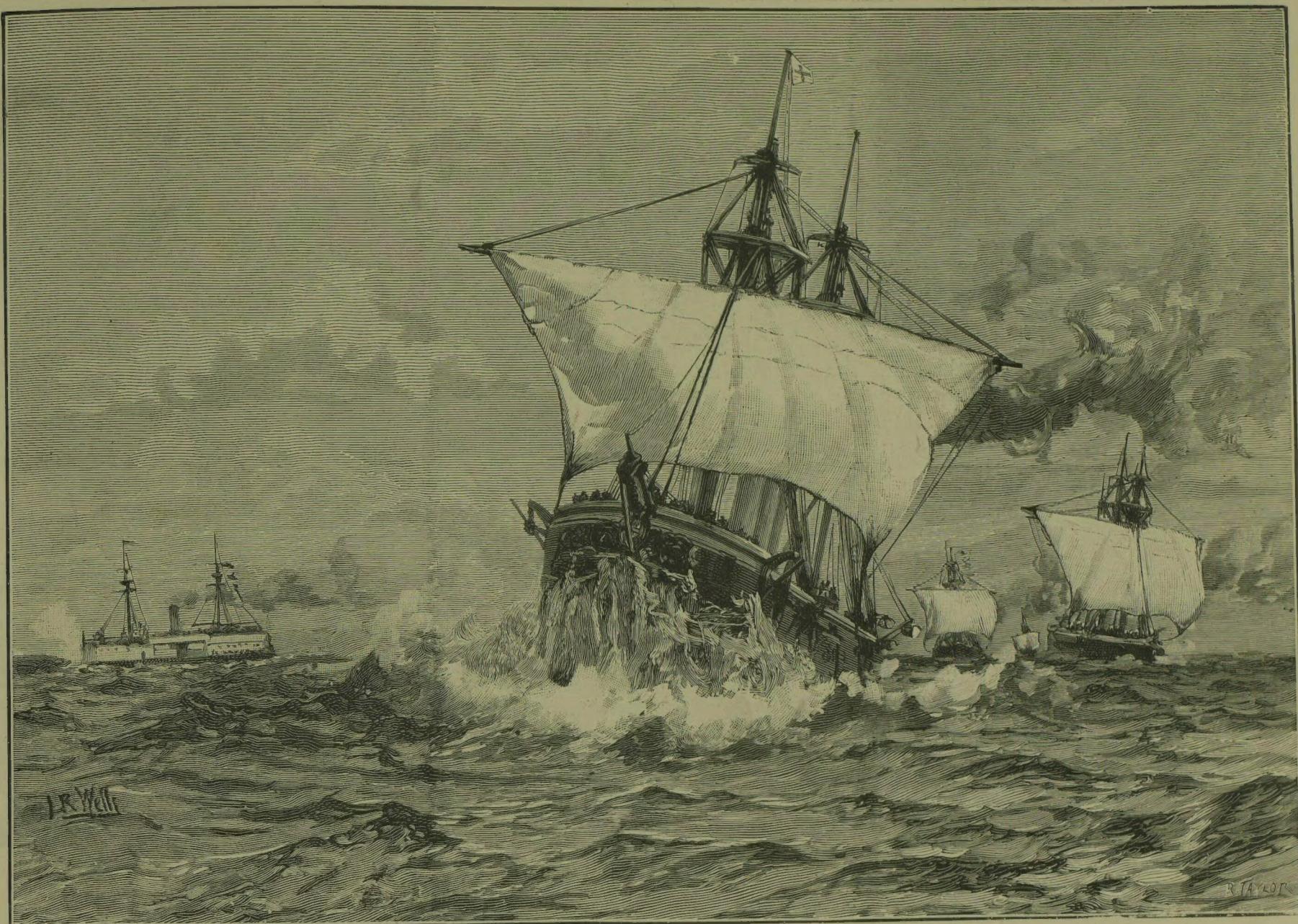


THE NAVAL MANEUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON'S FLEET AT STEAM TACTICS.



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES IN HIS TORPEDO-BOAT (NO. 79).

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

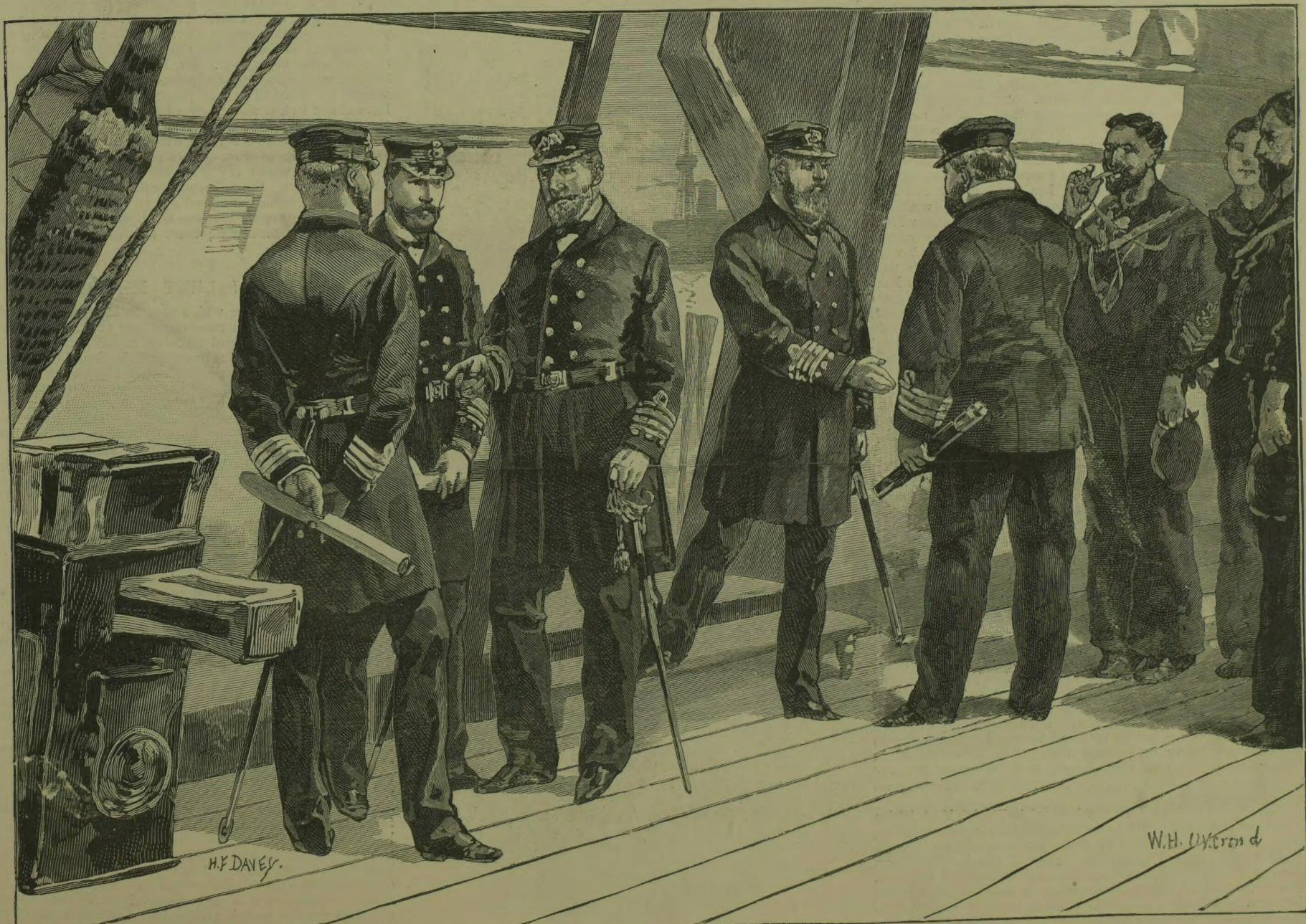


Ajax.

Hercules.

Shannon. Black Prince. Invincible.

ADMIRAL TRYON'S FLEET IN CHASE OF THE ENEMY, AUGUST 17.



A COUNCIL OF WAR: CAPTAINS OF ADMIRAL BAIRD'S FLEET COMING ON BOARD H.M.S. NORTHUMBERLAND.



THE NAVAL MANEUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON'S FLEET TAKING WATERFORD.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

In contrast with the anarchy that now prevails all over the large portion of the East African sea-coast, and of the interior, transferred by its nominal Sovereign, the Sultan of Zanzibar, to a German Company, aided by the naval forces of the German Empire, we notice with satisfaction the peaceful and successful operations of the British East Africa Company in the territory assigned to it, which is situated to the north of the German boundary. The line of demarcation runs from a point on the coast near Wasin and the Pongwé, between the 4th and 5th degrees of south latitude, in a north-westerly direction, behind the mountain Kilimanjaro, and including Masai Land to the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The commercial seaports of Mombassa and Melinde are thus placed under a British administration, with the protection of the only practical route between the East Coast of Africa and the Upper Nile and Lake Albert Nyanza, where Mr. H. M. Stanley, approaching that region from the opposite direction, by the Upper Congo and the Aruwimi, has gone to the relief of Emin Pasha. We have gained some acquaintance with the country between the sea-coast and Lake Victoria Nyanza from the narratives of Mr. Joseph Thomson's exploring journeys; but Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, in 1861 and 1862, were the first European explorers of that region. There is now good reason to believe that, by the agency of the British East Africa Company, the safety of the important route between the Victoria Nyanza and the Tana River has been secured, giving access not only to Uganda and the Great Lake, but to the old Egyptian Soudan and the native states of the Central Soudan. It is pretty certain that Mr. Stanley had been made acquainted with the real position, and was aware that the favourable moment had presented itself for securing British influence over Uganda, Unyoro, and the country between the Lakes. He would not return without doing all in his power to secure the interests of the Company, which are really identical with British interests.

In an article in the *Times* of June 7 last some account was given of the progress which had been made in six months under the administration of Mr. George Sutherland Mackenzie. The most friendly relations had been established with chiefs and people all along the coast, and as far into the interior as the Company's agents had then reached. Road-making had been begun into the interior, suitable buildings had been erected in Mombassa and the neighbourhood; the harbour of Mombassa had been surveyed, and works begun which, when complete, will render it one of the best harbours on the East Coast. Expeditions have been sent in various directions prospecting and surveying the country and establishing trading stations; steps have been taken to discover the most practicable route for a light railway; and the general administration has been placed on a sensible and business-like footing. Since then further information shows that, in spite of the trouble in the German sphere, everything has been going well in British East Africa. Hundreds of the respectable and industrious Indian traders who found it impossible to get on comfortably in German East Africa have settled in Mombassa and the neighbourhood, thus securing for the territory a population whose interests it will be to develop its trade.

Matters, indeed, are now so advanced in British East Africa that it is proposed at once to construct a light railway, which, with steamers to be placed on the river Tana and on Victoria Nyanza, will probably draw the trade of the interior for a distance of several hundred miles to the Company's seaports. Local steamers are also to be provided to develop local traffic between these ports. All this, of course, requires capital, and the directors—to whose experience and business-like habits, especially the president, Sir William Mackinnon, success has been due—are now inviting the public to lend their aid, to share their responsibilities and what profits may ensue. Into

the terms which will be offered by the Company it is unnecessary to enter here. One point is worthy of note: the balance-sheet shows that nothing has been paid for concession, and that there is no promotion money issued. The

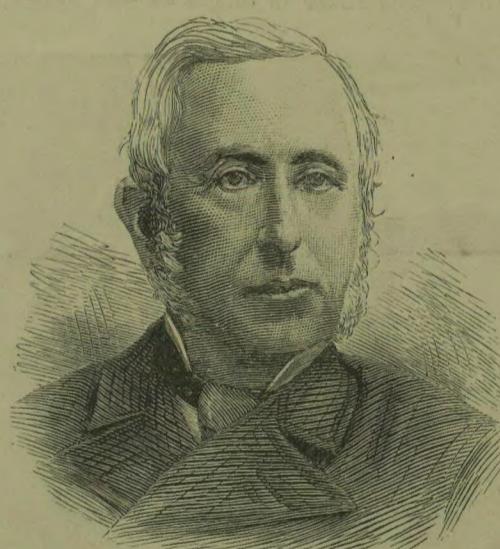
and plateaus and running streams, are well suited for pasture and grain culture, as well as sugar, tobacco, and indigo; and already around Mombassa large plantations of cocoanut-trees have been begun. The native resources themselves, of the usual African character, are of considerable value, under judicious management, from a commercial point of view. There has not yet been any prospecting for minerals, but it is possible that they exist. Messrs. G. Philip and Son have published for the Company Mr. E. G. Ravenstein's new map of British East Africa and the neighbouring region, on the scale of eight miles to an inch. Mr. Ravenstein has not contented himself with placing the physical features on his map: he has recorded in writing on the proper positions all that explorers have discovered with reference to the economical character of these regions. Thus, while it will be seen that some regions are desert and others covered with euphorbia and scrub, there are large areas of rich grassy plains, some of them almost uninhabited; while towards the north is a rich region of hills and rivers. Special maps on double the scale exhibit the Kilimanjaro region contoured and in minute detail, as well as the interesting region between the Upper Nile and the recently explored Lake Samburu; there is also a plan of Mombassa Harbour.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The absorbing question which appears to have engrossed every household in the realm penetrated into the House of Lords—that is to say, a collateral issue of it did—on Aug. 15. That personification of legal acumen and justice, Lord Fitzgerald, seized the opportunity to ask whether the Government would next Session introduce a Bill to constitute a Court of Appeal in Criminal Cases. His Lordship was fully warranted in putting the interrogation. Enormous must have been the strain on the mind of the Home Secretary in reviewing the whole of the evidence in the Maybrick Trial, with the view of carefully considering whether he could advise her Majesty to grant a reprieve to the unfortunate lady sentenced to death for poisoning her husband. It would be clearly a happy release for Mr. Henry Matthews if this onerous and thankless duty should in future be thrown upon a Court of Appeal such as Lord Fitzgerald suggested.

The Marquis of Salisbury has found the duty of dancing attendance on the Commons mitigated by trips across the Solent in the congenial company of Lord Cranbrook, and by the adjournment of the House of Lords for a week.

Mr. Henry Matthews bears up very well under the pressure the consideration of the Maybrick Case has imposed upon him. The Home Secretary seemed in the best of health, bright of complexion and buoyant of manner, when the Commons reassembled on Aug. 19, after their Saturday sitting. He had been absent from the House since the previous Thursday. The right hon. gentleman was reminded in a practical manner of the deep public interest still taken in the fate of Mrs. Maybrick. But the Home Secretary did not betray the effect of the presentation to him on the Treasury bench of three petitions praying for a reprieve. Debonair as he appeared to be, Mr. Matthews, no less than Mr. W. H. Smith and their colleagues yet in harness in the Commons, indubitably longed for the prorogation. Mr. Smith, long-headed, patient, businesslike, bore up well against the enforced withdrawal on the previous week of the luckless Tithes Bill, but cast a mute glance of reproach in the direction of the Irish members when hon. members from the Emerald Isle persisted in looking the Government gift-horse in the mouth, and unduly protracted the discussion of the Irish Light Railways Bill. Upon the Solicitor-General for Ireland, clear-headed Serjeant Madden, did it devolve to respond in the liveliest and most convincing manner to the adverse critics of the Bill.

SIR W. MACKINNON, BART., C.I.E.,
FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY.

Company have shown themselves so capable in the past that there is good reason to feel confidence in them for the future. Of the 100,000 ordinary £20 shares, only 37,500 will be offered to the public.

It appears, from what information we have of the region, that the northern and north-western sections, with their hills

MR. G. S. MACKENZIE,
DIRECTOR AND FIRST ADMINISTRATOR OF THE BRITISH EAST AFRICA COMPANY'S TERRITORIES.



1. Kismayu, Fort and Town.

2. Lamu Bay.

5. Fort and Custom-House Yard at Lamu.

3. Sheikh M'Barak bin Raschid Mazrooel, Governor at Gazi, near Wangi.

6. Headland at Meiindi, with Pillar erected by Vasco de Gama.

4. Water-Tank and Lighthouse at Zanzibar.

7. Handing papers of release to escaped slaves at Rabat.



SIX O'CLOCK AT THE GATES OF THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of a Regicide. Edited from the Original MSS. of Sergent-Marceau, by M. C. M. Simpson. (Chapman and Hall.)—The French Revolution of 1789, followed by the dismal fury of the Jacobin Convention and the Reign of Terror, presents to students of history such a mixture of good and evil, and the motives of its notorious chief actors were so varied by the accidents of their position, that it is hard to judge all points of the case. Since Carlyle, more than half a century ago, wrote his picturesque and poetical work of romance, large masses of documentary evidence have been produced by diligent French inquirers, casting much new light on the behaviour of the demagogue faction-leaders and intrigues who usurped power in those years of bewildering alarm and frenzied political fanaticism, and whose individual characters have certainly not gained in our esteem. The necessity of the Revolution, however, in the sense of an inevitable result of causes inherent in the condition of the old French Monarchy, has been more abundantly proved; and in this year of its centenary we are quite convinced that it has been, on the whole, beneficial to France and to Europe. A man of no great importance, Antoine François Sergent, who afterwards took the name of Marceau from his wife's half-brother, the brave and distinguished Republican General killed in the Rhine campaign of 1796, was a zealous member of the Convention, a municipal officer of Paris, and a special police administrator. A witness of the atrocious massacres of the Royalist prisoners, which he claimed to have opposed, in September, 1792, he was avowedly one of those who voted for putting King Louis XVI. to death a few months later. Sergent-Marceau lived many years afterwards in Italy, dying in 1847 at the age of ninety-seven. He was an engraver and artist of some talent, and his private life was less worthy of reproach than that of many another public man in those times. This collection of his memoirs of the Revolution, with an impartial commentary, is the work of Mrs. Simpson, an accomplished lady well known in English literary society, to whom we are indebted also for "The Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl." It is both interesting and instructive, though it will soon appear to the attentive reader that Sergent-Marceau's statements are not always to be received with implicit credence; for he sought to justify his own conduct, and to enhance the merit and value of what might seem laudable actions, without a very strict regard to truth. Nevertheless, many of the anecdotes related by him, where his own reputation was not directly concerned, are significant of the condition of affairs in Paris from the meeting of the States-General to the establishment of Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul and Dictator, on the overthrow of the Republican Directory in 1799. One may not care much for the man himself, or feel a very enthusiastic admiration of his wife, whom he called "Emira," but whose maiden name was Marie Marceau Desgraviers, and who was Madame Champion de Cernnel by her first marriage: a clever and spirited woman, she was the object of a lifelong faithful conjugal attachment. But they compare favourably with some other figures in the Parisian world of the period: and Sergent-Marceau's opportunities of knowing what was done behind the political scenes were better than many of his contemporaries obtained. A matter of considerable importance is the real existence, from the date of the decrees of the States-General, of Royalist reactionary plots sanctioned by the Court at Versailles, which were baffled not so much by the actual capture of the Bastille as by the refusal of the army to engage in conflict with the people on that occasion. The personal constraint that was afterwards put on the King and Queen, though accompanied with outrageous insolence and savage violence, disgraceful to any cause, might have some apparent justification in known conspiracies among their servants, with the assent of Royal personages, to suppress the new political franchises by military force. There can be little doubt of this being the fact; and it goes far to excuse all that was done by the responsible leaders of the popular assembly in the first year of the Revolution. Sergent-Marceau's stories of the alleged plots, of a number of uniforms of the National Guard being secretly provided to disguise the Royalist partisans for an émeute, of the removal of the ammunition kept for the guards on duty at the Tuilleries, and a plot for kidnapping all the bakers' apprentices to deprive Paris of bread, do not seem to be worth much. The King's brothers and the courtiers, if not the Queen, whose duplicity is evident, were capable of a conspiracy to subvert the new Constitution; and they had endured much rude provocation. There was, indeed, all the temper of suppressed civil war; and the endeavour, frankly made by Lafayette and supported by Mirabeau and others, to keep the Government within the lines of a Constitutional Monarchy, was foredoomed to failure. But no excuse can be made, in the succeeding years, for the conduct of either of the two rival parties in the Convention: the Girondins, who chose to plunge their country into a perilous and unjust foreign war by a policy of aggressive Republicanism; or the Jacobins, who practised wholesale murder as a method of domestic intimidation, seeking only to grasp power for the ends of their personal greed and ambition. Sergent-Marceau was one of the tools of the factions which then dragged France into a hideous depth of public depravity, but he was not a bloodthirsty ruffian; and his reminiscences, connected by the narrative of events which Mrs. Simpson has compiled, will be useful to study.

The Bulbul and the Black Snake. By Louis D'Aguilar Jackson. Two vols. (Spencer Blackett.)—Although we must pronounce this narrative of young Leif Hardson's experiences in India to be a work of fiction, and its mysteriously enigmatic title is suggestive of romance, we do not class it as a novel, because it contains none of the essential elements of a story: the incidents are not so combined in a plot, the persons are not brought in such variable relations with each other, the transactions have no such sustained connection, as is expected in an ordinary novel. We do not hesitate, on the other hand, knowing nothing whatever of its author, to pronounce it a deliberate libel on persons of high official distinction, several of whom are dead, and on the whole Indian Civil Service, which is held up to odium as "the Black Snake," while an eminent former Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, easily identified by the name of "Mountgummles," who ruled that province from 1859 to 1865, is accused of the vilest official crimes. The author, whoever he may be and whatever he may have been, is certainly well acquainted with the common habits of Anglo-Indian life in Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and on the North-West Frontier; he knows many up-country stations and military cantonments, has overheard much "gup," or gossip, either at mess tables or from the reports of scandal-bearing native servants and loungers at the bazaars. He insists pedantically on the orthodox method of spelling the names of towns and cities familiar enough in popular geography under forms different to the eye—we must read "Banaras" instead of "Benares," and so on. It may, nevertheless, be doubted whether he has ever had any opportunities of observing the manners of good English society in India, or judging of the characters of the gentlemen holding superior

posts in the Civil Service; and we must utterly reject his portraiture of English ladies residing with their husbands in that country. The series of adventures related in the brief career of Leif Hardson, a youthful Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers who gets employment in the Public Works Department, seems utterly incredible from first to last. Apart from the huge improbability of the main assumption that nearly all men engaged in the administration of government—Secretaries, Commissioners (Chief and Deputy), District Magistrates or Collectors, Judges and lawyers—are rogues, hypocrites, and tyrants, or the base and servile instruments of an atrocious tyranny, we cannot think the author knows much of judicial procedure. If his hero were accused of murder or manslaughter perpetrated by thrashing a native servant, who afterwards died of a chronic disease he had contracted by his own intemperance, or from the effects of an accidental wetting, the trial would not take place before a court-martial in the Derajat, but in one of the highest civil courts having criminal jurisdiction, either at Lahore, at Allahabad, or at Calcutta, before a regular English Judge and jury, with the same rules and customs as in England for the prisoner to make his defence. There could not, in such a case, be such facilities as are here described for suborning false evidence against him, suppressing the evidence in his favour, and corruptly influencing the verdict, either to please "Mountgummles" or to carry out the malignant designs of the departed "Major Stickle." We decline, in any case, to believe in "the Black Snake," which means the universal depravity of the Civil Service of India. As for the "Bulbul," which signifies a nightingale, it here means a fantastic native female, apparently a prostitute, of whom, and of the other women described, no decent-minded reader will care to hear such tales as are told in this trumpery book.

Indian Life: Religious and Social. By John Campbell Oman, Professor of Natural Science in the Government College, Lahore.—As valuable contributions to our knowledge of the people of India we accept both this volume and the "Sketches of Hindoo Life," by Devendra N. Das, lately noticed. The native writer evidently recorded his own experiences, and the author of the present work has devoted his attention to the ideas and doings of those around him in a way that is not usual with Anglo-Indians. The higher thought of England might be studied at Oxford or Cambridge, but that study might convey no idea as to how the mass of the people feel and act. So it is with India: we have some learned books written about it, and translations of the ancient and sacred authors of that country; but these works do not tell us how the two hundred and fifty millions of India live at the present day, or the manner in which their thoughts are influenced by the conditions surrounding them. Mr. Oman's book does this, giving us some effective glimpses into the living humanity of India, and its peculiar ways and doings. He tells us of the Yogis, or Fakirs, and of the Fortune-Tellers; but his sketches of the followers of the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj are peculiarly interesting. The chapter on the worship of Zahir Pir is a valuable addition to what we know already, showing that new forms of faith can still find roots in India. The "Cenotaph of Runjeet Singh" becomes a text by which we learn a good deal of the subject of Sati; and the chapter on Buddha Gaya—"the most sacred spot on earth," as the author calls it—permits of an essay on Buddha and his system. The second part of the book deals more particularly with traits of native life, and the last chapter, on "The Daughter-in-Law," is instructive. It may help those who read it to be more reconciled to mothers-in-law here at home.

Alastair Bhan Comyn, or the Tragedy of Dunphail. By Lady Middleton.—The authoress of this poem is not unknown in the literature of the day. About fifteen years ago, as the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby, she published "On the North Wind, Thistledown," which contained a number of songs and short pieces. At a later date she produced another small volume of "Ballads." Their quality was such that we are not surprised now that Lady Middleton should have attempted a more important work. With regard to the title, it may be observed that the word "Comyn" is only an old variant of the modern name Cumming, and that "Bhan" is the Celtic equivalent for White—the opposite of "Dhu," but in this case means the "fair-haired," as applied to Alastair, the hero of the story. The poem is founded on an old tradition connected with Morayshire, of the feud between the Earl of Moray, Randolph, nephew of Robert Bruce, and the Comyns. At one time in the history of Scotland the Comyns were among the highest in the land: they had Royal blood, and a claim to the Crown; but a perverse fate attended the race. The "Red Comyn" was killed at Dumfries, and the tragedy of Dunphail which followed was a crushing blow. The chief of the clan, and all his sons, perished with the downfall of their stronghold. Alastair, with a few companions, had been previously betrayed. Their hiding-place, the Cave of Saginnan, was closed up with rocks, and those within smothered with smoke. Alastair's head was cut off and sent to the father, who was beheaded and starving in Dunphail, with the message that it was "beef to their bannocks." These words, with the addition of "like the Comyn's head," have become a local proverb. Lady Middleton has given ample information, in her valuable notes, to bring out the historical part of the tale; but though the chief actors are real persons, some of the characters, such as Ydonea and Lupola, are frankly acknowledged to have been introduced to carry out the plan of the story. It is the terrible fate of the Comyns, at the end, which makes this poem a tragedy: indeed, it might be described as the Iliad of the Clan Comyn, Dunphail being their Troy. The authoress is herself a Cumming—a Gordon-Cumming of Altyre—and she is naturally fond of reminiscences of the past greatness of the family; and this feeling here takes a poetic form. It glows in her devotion to the land of her "forebears," which she describes as the "Bright Moray of the North! thou queenly shire!" The stream familiar to her childhood is also hailed as "River of Alders, Findhorn of my heart." The whole poem is inspired by a warm affection, not only for her native district but for every aspect of Nature. As an example of this, the song entitled "The Truant Leaf" might be quoted, or that of "Nature in Autumn," which is quite a little poem in itself. Beautiful as the songs are, they are only subordinate to the higher motive of the tragedy. It is manifest that the authoress has done her best to realise her ideal of the poet's function, and with a considerable degree of success.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have left Eaton Hall, Chester, for Reay Forest, Scotland, where the Duke and Duchess and the family will remain for six weeks.

A remarkable cycle performance is recorded. Mr. A. M. Donaldson, of the Edinburgh Amateur B.C., started from the Register House, Edinburgh, on Sunday, Aug. 11, at midnight, and reached the General Post Office, London, on the following Wednesday, at 6.50 a.m., accomplishing the distance—400 miles—in two days six hours fifty minutes, beating the previous best by over five hours.

OVER THE MARSHALL PASS.

America is the land of engineering triumphs. Some of them may be described as audacious in their bold success. Dense forests, mighty rivers, abysmal gorges, mountain chains, are obstacles to be surmounted. Sinuous canals, with their intricate series of locks, and railroads with gradients of more than two hundred feet to the mile, or a rise of one in twenty-four, have opened up communication with spots that appeared to be separated by impenetrable and insurmountable barriers. The Great Divide between the Atlantic and the Pacific has been pierced or scaled at various points by the transcontinental lines of railway. It sounds incredible that heavily laden trains now run daily across regions which were unknown and unexplored twelve or fifteen years ago. Repeated but fruitless attempts were made by Fremont, "the Pathfinder," and other bold adventurers to discover a practicable route over the Rocky Mountains. Months were spent and many lives were sacrificed in trying to force a way through those silent and awful fastnesses. The Ute Indians had their hunting and fishing grounds in this region, and their faint trails, known only to themselves, were the sole means of access. Fiercely did they contest the efforts of the white man to discover a way across the five hundred miles of rocks that seemed to shut him out from the mid-Pacific. Stories are current among men who are still in the prime of life of hair-breadth escapes and heroic endurance of toil and hardships in attempts, finally successful, to extort from Nature one of her great secrets.

The Denver and Rio Grande and the Union Pacific Railroads have now for some years traversed, in parts of their respective courses, regions which were known in the last decade to none but the wandering Indian or the solitary trapper. The heart of the continent can be reached daily in a parlour car. Three times in the day a halt is made for twenty minutes or half an hour, at a timber shed, serving as roadside station, where meals are supplied in tolerable profusion and variety, at a charge of three shillings. At night the car is swiftly transformed into a sleeping chamber, so that the traveller, if he choose, may continue an uninterrupted journey from Denver to Ogden, and thence to San Francisco—a distance by the Rio Grande route of more than sixteen hundred miles. For majestic scenery and for marvels of structural skill that railroad is, perhaps, unrivalled. What the shareholders think of it as an investment is another and a very different matter. The original cost was so enormous, the maintenance is so expensive, the working is so difficult, and the amount of traffic is necessarily so limited for a time, that no surprise need be felt at the road having experienced the fate of going into the hands of a receiver in bankruptcy. This has been the lot of many American railroads, as English investors know to their cost. In the present case there has been a scheme of reconstruction, and the property is now administered by officials elected by the shareholders.

At Salida, 217 miles west of Denver, a branch conducts by a steep ascent to Leadville and the rich carbonate region, while the main route continues on over the Marshall Pass. Three hours of steep climbing are required to traverse the twenty-eight miles to the summit, and another hour to descend the opposite slope. The highest point reached is 10,845 feet above the sea level. To attain this an intricate series of loops and zigzags had to be constructed around and on the face of the mountains. Three or four miles have to be traversed sometimes in order to ascend fifty rods. At one point seven tracks can be seen extending far below, and others fade away on the opposite mountains. But all the time a higher vantage-ground is being reached, over bridges of trestlework, along the crest of huge fillings, across precipitous slopes, round successive shoulders of rock, through miniature cañons, under miles of snowsheds, until at length the top of this bold undertaking is gained. Two powerful locomotives are required for the ascent, and then one is detached and acts as a pilot-engine, while steam is shut off and the powerful air-brakes are applied to regulate the steady descent on the other side. Such care and vigilance are exercised that accidents are unknown.

The views gained along the journey and from the summit are grand and extensive. The resemblance is that of a tumultuous yet regular sea of rocky billows suddenly arrested and petrified. The main chain, forming the backbone of the continent, extends from the south-east to the north-west. Parallel to it and diverging from it are serrated ranks of subordinate mountains, assuming new relations and proportions every few minutes. The lofty peak of Mount Ouray, named after a famous Ute chief, towers 3198 feet above the highest point reached by the railroad. Pike's Peak and other sentinel mountains, all of them exceeding 14,000 feet, stand out here and there like the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Stretching away and beneath on every side is an endless series—certainly more than two hundred in number—dwarfed by contrast, and yet ranging from 9000 to 13,000 feet in height. Some are rounded, and entirely covered with fir-trees. Others rear their bold, bare crests above the timber-line. They seem to crowd one another, and yet their distinct outlines can be traced, with the little valleys that run between. In most of these are streams working their way to the distant east or west—tiny rivulets in the summer-time, but swollen to roaring torrents after heavy rains or by the melting of the winter snows.

At this altitude the silence is broken only by the laboured throbs of the locomotive and the steady rotation of the carriage wheels. Birds are rarely seen, though sometimes an eagle may be discerned poised in the air or pursuing its majestic flight. Wild animals are said to exist in considerable numbers, including bears, wolves, foxes, wild cats, the elk, the deer, and the antelope. They are, however, ruthlessly hunted for mere purposes of sport, and for the sake of boasting how many have been killed in the shortest possible time. Probably, in a few years, they will become as rare as the buffalo, which roamed the prairies in vast herds while the Pacific lines were being built, but are now almost extinct. Professor Hornaday, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, says that from 1868 to 1872 three and a half millions of these animals, each weighing on an average from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds, were slaughtered in the country west of the Mississippi and south of Missouri; and that now there are only about seven hundred on the whole American continent. This is but one instance of ruthless extermination from a wanton spirit of butchery that seems inherent with many.

The journey across the Marshall Pass should be timed by daylight, although a full moon bathes the marvellous scene with soft and gentle radiance. But a flood of sunshine is needed to reveal the varied glories of this region of cloudland. It falls with transfiguring lustre upon the snow-crowned spires of the Sangre de Cristo range. Their sharp and dazzling pyramids stretch away until cloud and sky and peak commingle in the distance. If the sun be setting behind the western battlements, they are lit up with prismatic hues, all the brighter by force of contrast with the deepening gloom of the valley's thousands of feet below. For an hour or more after these are veiled and silent the spires and pinnacles of the granite monarchs far above the clouds are irradiated and translucent with emerald, amber, and purple, as of a hidden glory bursting forth to astonish and gladden the earth.



1. On the shore of Bala Lake.
2. The Horse-shoe Falls, Llangollen.

3. The Dee at Berwyn Station, near Bryntisilio, the residence of
Sir Theodore Martin.

4. Between Llangollen and Berwyn Station.
5. Crow Castle, from the Vale of Glyndyfrdwy.

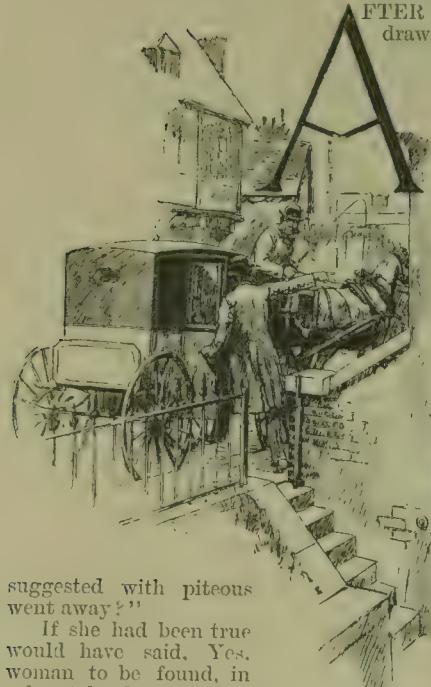
BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XII.

LORD HARRY'S DEFENCE.



suggested with piteous
want away?"

If she had been true
would have said, Yes,
woman to be found, in
a heart hard enough to
example? She pointed
felt her indulgence gratefully. Following the impulse of
the moment, he attempted to excuse his conduct.

"There is only one thing I can say for myself," he con-
fessed, "I didn't begin by deceiving you. While you had
your eye on me, Iris, I was an honourable man."

This extraordinary defence reduced her to silence. Was
there another man in the world who would have pleaded for
pardon in that way? "I'm afraid I have not made myself
understood," he said. "May I try again?"

"If you please."

The vagabond nobleman made a resolute effort to explain
himself intelligibly, this time:

"See now! We said good-bye, over there, in the poor old
island. Well, indeed I meant it, when I owned that I was
unworthy of you. I didn't contradict you, when you said
you could never be my wife, after such a life as I have led.
And, do remember, I submitted to your returning to England,
without presuming to make a complaint. Ah, my sweet girl,
it was easy to submit, while I could look at you, and hear the
sound of your voice, and beg for that last kiss—and get it.
Reverend gentlemen talk about the fall of Adam. What was
that to the fall of Harry, when he was back in his own little
cottage, without the hope of ever seeing you again? To the
best of my recollection, the serpent that tempted Eve was up
a tree. I found the serpent that tempted Me, sitting waiting
in my own armchair, and bent on nothing worse than borrow-
ing a trifle of money. Need I say who she was? I don't
doubt that you think her a wicked woman."

Never ready in speaking of acts of kindness, on her own
part, Iris answered with some little reserve: "I have learnt
to think better of Mrs. Vimpany than you suppose."

Lord Harry began to look like a happy man, for the first
time since he had entered the room.

"I ought to have known it!" he burst out. "Yours is
the well-balanced mind, dear, that tempers justice with mercy.
Mother Vimpany has had a hard life of it. Just change places
with her for a minute or so—and you'll understand what she
has had to go through. Find yourself, for instance, in Ireland,
without the means to take you back to England. Add to
that, a husband who sends you
away to make money for him at
the theatre, and a manager (not
an Irishman, thank God!) who
refuses to engage you—after your
acting has filled his dirty pockets
in past days—because your
beauty has faded with time.
Doesn't your bright imagination
see it all now? My old friend
Arabella, ready and anxious to
serve me—and a sinking at this
poor fellow's heart when he



He dropped on his knees and kissed her hand.

knew, if he once lost the trace of you, he might lose it for
ever—there's the situation, as they call it on the stage.
I wish I could say for myself what I may say for Mrs.
Vimpany. It's such a pleasure to a clever woman to engage
in a little deceit—we can't blame her, can we?"

Iris protested gently against a code of morality which
included the right of deceit among the privileges of the sex.
Lord Harry slipped through her fingers with the admirable
Irish readiness; he agreed with Miss Henley that he was
entirely wrong.

"And don't spare me while you're about it," he suggested.

"Lay all the blame of that shameful stratagem on my
shoulders. It was a despicable thing to do. When I had you
watched, I acted in a manner—I won't say unworthy of a
gentleman; have I been a gentleman since I first ran away
from home? Why, it's even been said my way of speaking is
no longer the way of a gentleman; and small wonder, too,
after the company I've kept. Ah, well! I'm off again,
darling, on a sea voyage. Will you forgive me now? or will
you wait till I come back, if I do come back? God knows!"

He dropped on his knees, and kissed her hand. "Anyway,"

he said, "whether I live or whether I die, it will be some con-
solation to remember that I asked your pardon—and perhaps
got it."

"Take it, Harry; I can't help forgiving you!"

She had done her best to resist him, and she had answered
in those merciful words.

The effect was visible, perilously visible, as he rose from his
knees. Her one chance of keeping the distance
between them, on which she had been too weak
to insist, was not to encourage him by silence.
Abruptly, desperately, she made a common-
place inquiry about his proposed voyage. "Tell
me," she resumed, "where are you going when
you leave England?"

"Oh, to find money, dear, if I can—to pick
up diamonds, or to hit on a mine of gold, and so
forth."

The fine observation of Iris detected something
not quite easy in his manner, as he made
that reply. He tried to change the subject: she
deliberately returned to it. "Your account of
your travelling-plans is rather vague," she told
him. "Do you know when you are likely to
return?"

He took her hand. One of the rings on her
fingers happened to be turned the wrong way.
He set it in the right position, and discovered
an opal. "Ah! the unlucky stone!" he cried,
and turned it back again out of sight. She
drew away her hand. "I asked you," she per-
sisted, "when you expect to return?"

He laughed—not so gaily as usual.

"How do I know I shall ever get back?"
he answered. "Sometimes the seas turn traitor,
and sometimes the savages. I have had so many
narrow escapes of my life, I can't expect my
luck to last for ever!" He made a second
attempt to change the subject. "I wonder
whether you're likely to pay another visit to
Ireland? My cottage is entirely at your dis-
posal, Iris dear. Oh, when I'm out of the
way, of course! The place seemed to please
your fancy, when you saw it. You will find it
well taken care of, I answer for that."

Iris asked who was taking care of his cottage?

The wild lord's face saddened. He hesitated;
rose from his chair restlessly, and walked away
to the window; returned, and made up his mind
to reply.

"My dear, you know her. She was the old
housekeeper at—"

His voice failed him. He was unable, or
unwilling, to pronounce the name of Arthur's
farm.

Knowing, it is needless to say, that he had
alluded to Mrs. Lewson, Iris warmly commended
him for taking care of her old nurse. At the
same time, she remembered the unfriendly terms
in which the housekeeper had alluded to Lord
Harry, when they had talked of him.

"Did you find no difficulty," she asked, "in
persuading Mrs. Lewson to enter your service?"

"Oh, yes, plenty
of difficulty; I found
my bad character in
my way, as usual."
It was a relief to him,
at that moment, to
talk of Mrs. Lewson;
the Irish humour and
the Irish accent both asserted them-
selves in his reply. "The curious
old creature told me to my face I
was a scamp. I took leave to re-
mind her that it was the duty of a
respectable person, like herself, to
reform scamps; I also mentioned
that I was going away, and she
would be master and mistress too
on my small property. That softened
her heart towards me. You will
mostly find old women amenable,
if you get at them by way of their
dignity. Besides, there was another
lucky circumstance that helped me.
The neighbourhood of my cottage
has some attraction for Mrs. Lew-
son. She didn't say particularly
what it was—and I never asked her
to tell me."

"Surely you might have guessed
it, without being told," Iris re-
minded him. "Mrs. Lewson's
faithful heart loves poor Arthur's
memory—and Arthur's grave is not
far from your cottage."

"Don't speak of him!"

It was said loudly, peremptorily,
passionately. He looked at her
with angry astonishment in his face.
"You loved him too!" he said.
"Can you speak of him quietly?
The noblest, truest, sweetest man
that ever the Heavens looked on,
foully assassinated. And the wretch
who murdered him still living,
free—oh, what is God's provi-
dence about?—is there no retri-
bution that will follow him? no just
hand that will revenge Arthur's
death?"

As those fierce words escaped him, he was no longer the
easy, gentle, joyous creature whom Iris had known and loved.
The furious passions of the Celtic race glittered savagely in his
eyes, and changed to a grey horrid pallor the healthy colour
that was natural to his face. "Oh, my temper, my temper!"
he cried, as Iris shrank from him. "She hates me now, and
no wonder." He staggered away from her, and burst into a
convulsive fit of crying, dreadful to hear. Compassion, divine
compassion, mastered the earthlier emotion of terror in the
great heart of the woman who loved him. She followed him,
and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "I don't hate
you, my dear," she said. "I am sorry for Arthur—and, oh,
so sorry for You!" He caught her in his arms. His gratitude,
his repentance, his silent farewell were all expressed in a last
kiss. It was a moment, never to be forgotten to the end of
their lives. Before she could speak, before she could think, he
had left her.

She called him back, through the open door. He never
returned; he never even replied. She ran to the window, and
threw it up—and was just in time to see him signal to the
carriage and leap into it. Her horror of the fatal purpose that
was but too plainly rooted in him—her conviction that he was
on the track of the assassin, self-devoted to exact the terrible
penalty of blood for blood—emboldened her to insist on being
heard. "Come back," she cried. "I must, I will, speak
with you."

He waved his hand to her with a gesture of despair. "Start
your horses," he shouted to the coachman. Alarmed by his



His gratitude, his repentance, his silent farewell were all expressed in a last kiss.

voice and his look, the man asked where he should drive to.
Lord Harry pointed furiously to the onward road. "Drive,"
he answered, "to the Devil!"

THE END OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

THE SECOND PERIOD.

CHAPTER XIII.

IRIS AT HOME.

A little more than four months had passed, since the return of
Iris to her father's house.

Among other events which occurred, during the earlier part
of that interval, the course adopted by Hugh Mountjoy, when
Miss Henley's suspicions of the Irish lord were first communica-
ted to him, claims a foremost place.

It was impossible that the devoted friend of Iris could look
at her, when they met again on their way to the station, without
perceiving the signs of serious agitation. Only waiting until
they were alone in the railway-carriage, she opened her heart
unreservedly to the man in whose clear intellect and true
sympathy she could repose implicit trust. He listened to
what she could repeat of Lord Harry's language with but
little appearance of surprise. Iris had only reminded him of
one, among the disclosures which had escaped Mr. Vimpany
at the inn. Under the irresistible influence of good wine, the
doctor had revealed the Irish lord's motive for remaining in
his own country, after the assassination of Arthur Mountjoy.
Hugh met the only difficulty in his way, without shrinking
from it. He resolved to clear his mind of its natural prejudice
against the rival who had been preferred to him, before he
assumed the responsibility of guiding Iris by his advice.

When he had in some degree recovered confidence in his
own unbiased judgment, he entered on the question of Lord
Harry's purpose in leaving England.

Without attempting to dispute the conclusion at which
Iris had arrived, he did his best to alleviate her distress. In
his opinion, he was careful to tell her, a discovery of the
destination to which Lord Harry proposed to betake himself
might be achieved. The Irish lord's allusion to a new
adventure, which would occupy him in searching for diamonds

or gold, might indicate a contemplated pursuit of the assassin, as well as a plausible excuse to satisfy Iris. It was at least possible that the murderer might have been warned of his danger if he remained in England, and that he might have contemplated directing his flight to a distant country, which would not only offer a safe refuge, but also hold out (in its mineral treasures) a hope of gain. Assuming that these circumstances had really happened, it was in Lord Harry's character to make sure of his revenge, by embarking in the steamship by which the assassin of Arthur Mountjoy was a passenger.

Wild as this guess at the truth undoubtedly was, it had one merit: it might easily be put to the test.

Hugh had bought the day's newspaper at the station. He proposed to consult the shipping-advertisements relating, in the first place, to communication with the diamond-mines and the gold-fields of South Africa.

This course of proceeding at once informed him that the first steamer, bound for that destination, would sail from London in two days' time. The obvious precaution to take was to have the Dock watched; and Mountjoy's steady old servant, who knew Lord Harry by sight, was the man to employ.

Iris naturally inquired what good end could be attained, if the anticipated discovery actually took place.

To this Mountjoy answered, that the one hope—a faint hope, he must needs confess—of inducing Lord Harry to reconsider his desperate purpose, lay in the influence of Iris herself. She must address a letter to him, announcing that his secret had been betrayed by his own language and conduct, and declaring that she would never again see him, or hold any communication with him, if he persisted in his savage resolution of revenge. Such was the desperate experiment which Mountjoy's generous and unselfish devotion to Iris now proposed to try.

The servant (duly entrusted with Miss Henley's letter) was placed on the watch—and the event which had been regarded as little better than a forlorn hope proved to be the event that really took place. Lord Harry was a passenger by the steam-ship.

Mountjoy's man presented the letter entrusted to him, and asked respectfully if there was any answer. The wild lord read it—looked (to use the messenger's own words) like a man cut to the heart—seemed at a loss what to say or do—and only gave a verbal answer: "I sincerely thank Miss Henley, and I promise to write when the ship touches at Madeira." The servant continued to watch him when he went on board the steamer; saw him cast a look backwards, as if suspecting that he might have been followed; and then lost sight of him in the cabin. The vessel sailed after a long interval of delay, but he never reappeared on the deck.

The ambiguous message sent to her aroused the resentment of Iris; she thought it cruel. For some weeks perhaps to come, she was condemned to remain in doubt, and was left to endure the trial of her patience, without having Mountjoy at hand to encourage and console her. He had been called away to the South of France by the illness of his father.

But the fortunes of Miss Henley, at this period of her life, had their brighter side. She found reason to congratulate herself on the reconciliation which had brought her back to her father. Mr. Henley had received her, not perhaps with affection, but certainly with kindness. "If we don't get in each other's way, we shall do very well; I am glad to see you again." That was all he had said to her, but it meant much from a soured and selfish man.

Her only domestic anxiety was caused by another failure in the health of her maid.

The Doctor declared that medical help would be of no avail, while Rhoda Bennet remained in London. In the country she had been born and bred, and to the country she must return. Mr. Henley's large landed property, on the north of London, happened to include a farm in the neighbourhood of Muswell Hill. Wisely waiting for a favourable opportunity, Iris alluded to the good qualities which had made Rhoda almost as much her friend as her servant, and asked leave to remove the invalid to the healthy air of the farm.

Her anxiety about the recovery of a servant so astonished Mr. Henley, that he was hurried (as he afterwards declared) into granting his daughter's request. After this concession, the necessary arrangements were easily made. The influence of Iris won the goodwill of the farmer and his wife; Rhoda, as an expert and willing needlewoman, being sure of a welcome, for her own sake, in a family which included a number of



The wild lord read it—looked (to use the messenger's own words) like a man cut to the heart, and seemed at a loss what to say or do.

young children. Miss Henley had only to order her carriage, and to be within reach of the farm. A week seldom passed without a meeting between the mistress and the maid.

In the meantime, Mountjoy (absent in France) did not forget to write to Iris.

His letters offered little hope of a speedy return. The doctors had not concealed from him that his father's illness would end fatally; but there were reserves of vital power still left, which might prolong the struggle. Under these melancholy circumstances, he begged that Iris would write to him. The oftener she could tell him of the little events of her life

at home, the more kindly she would brighten the days of a dreary life.

Eager to show, even in a trifling matter, how gratefully she appreciated Mountjoy's past kindness, Iris related the simple story of her life at home, in weekly letters addressed to her good friend. After telling Hugh (among other things) of Rhoda's establishment at the farm, she had some unexpected results to relate, which had followed the attempt to provide herself with a new maid.

Two young women had been successively engaged—each recommended, by the lady whom she had last served, with that utter disregard of moral obligation which appears to be shamelessly on the increase in the England of our day. The first of the two maids, described as "rather excitable," revealed infirmities of temper which suggested a lunatic asylum as the only fit place for her. The second young woman, detected in stealing eau-de-cologne, and using it (mixed with water) as an intoxicating drink, claimed merciful construction of her misconduct, on the ground that she had been misled by the example of her last mistress.

At the third attempt to provide herself with a servant, Iris was able to report the discovery of a responsible person who told the truth—an unmarried lady of middle age.

In this case, the young woman was described as a servant thoroughly trained in the performance of her duties, honest, sober, industrious, of an even temper, and unprovided with "a follower" in the shape of a sweetheart. Even her name sounded favourably in the ear of a stranger—it was Fanny Mere. Iris asked how a servant, apparently possessed of a faultless character, came to be in want of a situation. At this question the lady sighed, and acknowledged that she had "made a dreadful discovery," relating to the past life of her maid. It proved to be the old, the miserably old, story of a broken promise of marriage, and of the penalty paid as usual by the unhappy woman. "I will say nothing of my own feelings," the maiden lady explained. "In justice to the other female servants, it was impossible for me to keep such a person in my house; and, in justice to you, I must most unwillingly stand in the way of Fanny Mere's prospects by mentioning my reason for parting with her."

"If I could see the young woman and speak to her," Iris said, "I should like to decide the question of engaging her, for myself."

The lady knew the address of her discharged servant, and—with some appearance of wonder—communicated it. Miss Henley wrote at once, telling Fanny Mere to come to her on the following day.

When she woke on the next morning, later than usual, an event occurred which Iris had been impatiently expecting for some time past. She found a letter waiting on her bedside table, side by side with her cup of tea. Lord Harry had written to her at last.

Whether he used his pen or his tongue, the Irish lord's conduct was always more or less in need of an apology. Here were the guilty one's new excuses, expressed in his customary medley of frank confession and flowery language:

"I am fearing, my angel, that I have offended you. You have too surely said to yourself, This miserable Harry might have made me happy by writing two lines—and what does he do? He sends a message in words which tell me nothing."

"My sweet girl, the reason why is that I was in two minds, when your man stopped me on my way to the ship."

"Whether it was best for you—I was not thinking of myself—to confess the plain truth, or to take refuge in affectionate equivocation, was more than I could decide at the time. When minutes are enough for your intelligence, my stupidity wants days. Well! I saw it at last. A man owes the truth to a true woman; and you are a true woman. There you find a process of reasoning—I have been five days getting hold of it."

"But tell me one thing first. Brutus killed a man; Charlotte Corday killed a man. One of the two victims was a fine tyrant, tyrant. Nobody blames those two

historical assassins. Why then blame me for wishing to make a third? Is a mere modern murderer beneath my vengeance, by comparison with two classical tyrants who did their murders by deputy? The man who killed Arthur Mountjoy is (next to Cain alone) the most atrocious homicide that ever trod the miry ways of this earth. There is my reply! I call it a crusher."

"So now my mind is easy. Darling, let me make your mind easy next."

"When I left you at the window of Vimpany's house, I was off to the other railroad to find the murderer in his hiding-

place by the seaside. He had left it: but I got a trace, and went back to London—to the Docks. Some villain in Ireland, who knows my purpose, must have turned traitor. Anyhow, the wretch has escaped me.

"Yes; I searched the ship in every corner. He was not on board. Has he gone on before me, by an earlier vessel? Or has he directed his flight to some other part of the world? I shall find out in time. His day of reckoning will come, and he, too, shall know a violent death! Amen. So be it. Amen.

"Have I done now? Bear with me, gentle Iris—there is a word more to come.

"You will wonder why I went on by the steam-ship—all the way to South Africa—when I had failed to find the man I wanted, on board. What was my motive? You, you alone, are always my motive. Lucky men have found gold, lucky men have found diamonds. Why should I not be one of them? My sweet, let us suppose two possible things; my own elastic convictions would call them two likely things, but never mind that. Say, I come back a reformed character; there is your only objection to me at once removed! And take it for granted that I return with a fortune of my own finding. In that case, what becomes of Mr. Henley's objection to me? It melts (as Shakespeare says somewhere) into thin air. Now do take my advice, for once. Show this part of my letter to your

excellent father, with my love. I answer beforehand for the consequences. Be happy, my Lady Harry—as happy as I am—and look for my return on an earlier day than you may anticipate. Yours till death, and after.

Like the Irish lord, Miss Henley was "in two minds," while she rose, and dressed herself. There were parts of the letter for which she loved the writer, and parts of it for which she hated him.

What a prospect was before that reckless man—what misery, what horror, might not be lying in wait in the dreadful future! If he failed in the act of vengeance, that violent death of which he had written so heedlessly might overtake him from another hand. If he succeeded, the law might discover his crime, and the infamy of expiation on the scaffold might be his dreadful end. She turned, shuddering, from the contemplation of those hideous possibilities, and took refuge in the hope of his safe, his guiltless return. Even if his visions of success, even if his purposes of reform (how hopeless at his age!) were actually realised, could she consent to marry the man who had led his life, had written his letter, had contemplated (and still cherished) his merciless resolution of revenge? No woman in her senses could let the bare idea of being his wife enter her mind. Iris opened her writing-desk, to hide the letter from all eyes but her own. As she secured it with the key,

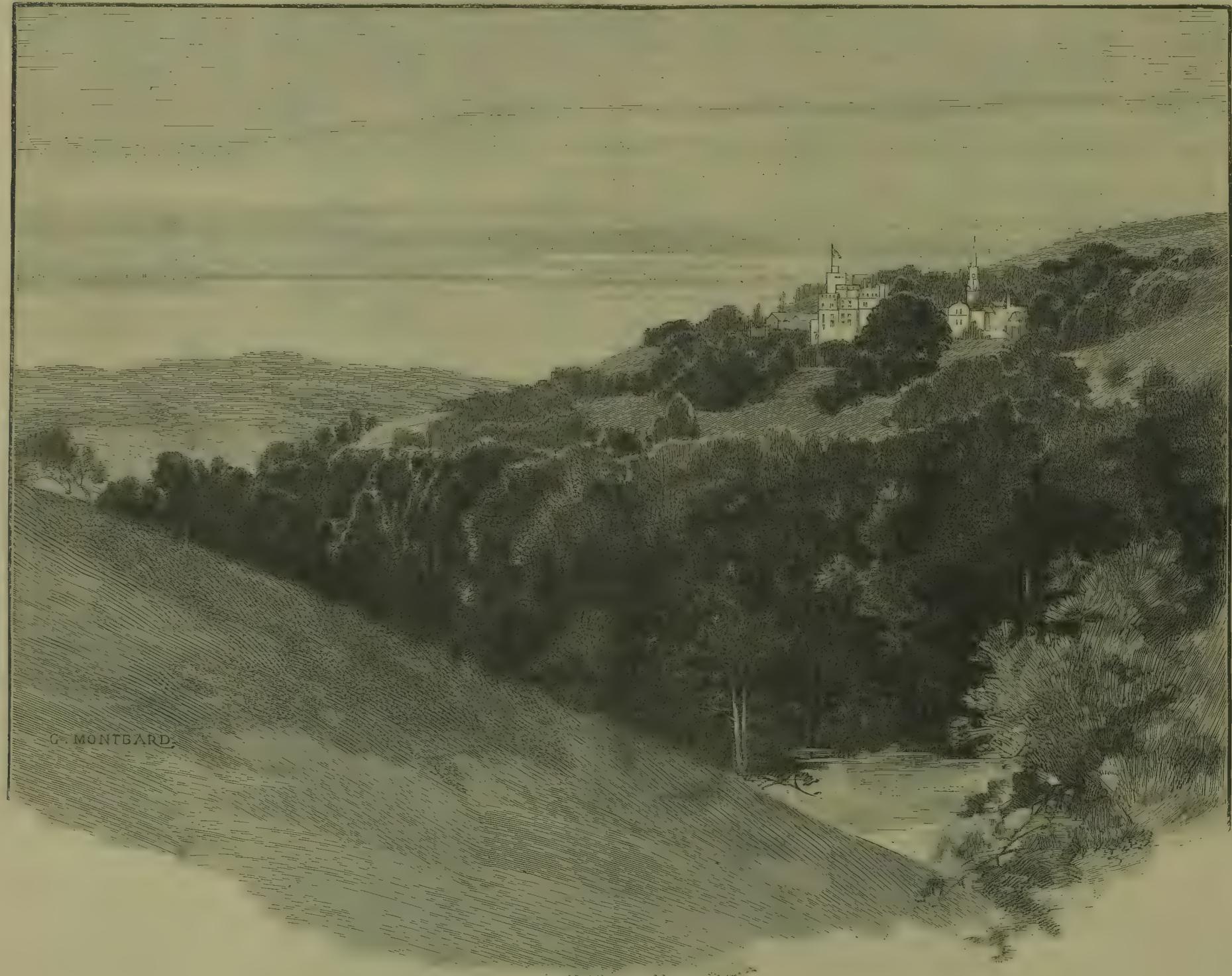
her heart sank under the return of a terror remembered but too well. Once more, the superstitious belief in a destiny that was urging Lord Harry and herself nearer and nearer to each other, even when they seemed to be most widely and most surely separated, thrilled her under the chilling mystery of its presence. She dropped helplessly into a chair. Oh, for a friend who could feel for her, who could strengthen her, whose wise words could restore her to her better and calmer self! Hugh was far away; and Iris was left to suffer and to struggle alone.

Heartfelt aspirations for help and sympathy! Oh, irony of circumstances, how were they answered? The housemaid entered the room, to announce the arrival of a discharged servant, with a lost character.

"Let the young woman come in," Iris said. Was Fanny Mere the friend whom she had been longing for? She looked at her troubled face in the glass—and laughed bitterly.

(To be continued.)

The Commander-in-Chief has issued instructions to the effect that the employment of Volunteers to keep the ground at inspections or public ceremonies is to be discouraged, and sanction is only to be given in exceptional cases where their employment appears advisable or necessary.



PALÉ, ON THE DEE, NEAR BALA LAKE, MERIONETHSHIRE, THE MANSION OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, during a sojourn of five days, from Friday morning, Aug. 23, in the neighbourhood of Bala, Merionethshire, would visit some places on the banks of the Dee, in North Wales, which are scarcely less interesting than those of the Deeside in Scotland, where her favourite residence of Balmoral is situated. The Welsh scenery, though its mountains are not so sublime, is to many lovers of picturesque landscape beauty more attractive than that of the Scottish Highlands. It is enriched, in some places, with delightful woodlands, and its hills present varied groupings of the most graceful forms, probably unequalled in their harmony of aspect by those of any other district in Great Britain. The names and local traditions, the historical and legendary associations, of many places in Wales are equally romantic with those of the wilder parts of Scotland, though not so familiar to readers of English literature in the present age. If a genius like Sir Walter Scott had been born at Chester or Shrewsbury, and had devoted his imaginative industry to similar works of poetry and fiction, dealing with the stirring incidents of past ages on the Welsh Border and amid the mountain strongholds of West Britain, we cannot doubt that the country would have been invested with that kind of renown which has been, within about seventy years, bestowed on the North of Britain. Welsh history, romance, and poetry, however, remain comparatively obscure to the majority of English people, not for their lack of intrinsic interest, but for want of a great English-writing author to make them widely known.

The actual occasion, being the Queen's present movements along the Dee between Bala and Llangollen, will restrict our observations to a district which has long been admired; and our Artist's sketches, reproduced in the Engravings presented this week, do justice to some of its characteristic features. Mr. Ralph Darlington, of Llangollen, the author of a series of good tourist hand-books to North Wales, has been allowed to prefix to one of his publications, "The Vale of Llangollen and the Course of the Dee," letters from several eminent persons—Ruskin, Browning, Sir Theodore Martin, and the late American Minister, Mr. Phelps—testifying that this region, in its "gentle wildness," is one of the loveliest on earth. Mr. Ruskin says of it: "Our Westmoreland vales are mere clefts between disorderly humps of rock, but the Vale of Llangollen is a true valley between ranges of grandly formed hills—peculiar above Valle Crucis is the golden mosaic of gorse on their emerald turf—where we have nothing but heath and ling. The Dee itself is a quite perfect mountain stream, and the village of Llangollen, when I first knew it—fifty years ago—one of the most beautiful and delightful in Wales, or anywhere else." And Mr. Robert Browning speaks of the "clear pre-eminence" of Llangollen, where, he says, "I received an impression of the beauty around me, which continued ineffaceable during all subsequent experience of varied foreign scenery—mountain, valley, and river."

Llangollen—the name must be pronounced "Thlangollen"—is situated in Denbighshire, on the fine road made by Telford from Chester to Holyhead, and on a branch of the Great Western Railway. It may be called village or town, having nearly three thousand inhabitants. The basin of the Dee, which rises far in the south-west above Bala Lake, with

all its tributary streams, is separated from that of the waters flowing into the Severn by ranges of high moorland hills extending some thirty miles or more, rising centrally in the Berwyns, south of Corwen, to heights of 2500 ft. and 2700 ft. The last of these ranges, to the north-east, approaching the river at Llangollen, is confronted by the southern face of the Eglwyseg Rocks, a great rampart of limestone cliffs shutting in the Dee valley, which is here entered by a narrow portal. In ancient times this must have been a pass of some military importance; while along the Welsh Border, farther to the south, England required the artificial protection of Watt's Dyke and Offa's Dyke, passing on the west side of Chirk and Oswestry. In fact, the Dee valley above Llangollen was the stronghold of Owen Glendower, whose surname, in proper Welsh, is a contraction of "Glyndyfrdwy," the Glen of the Dee, the river being called Dyfrdwy above Bala Lake to this day. It flows through Llyn Tegid, or Bala Lake, a sheet of water three miles and a half long and half a mile broad; from Bala, continuing a north-easterly course, it passes Llanfor and Llandderfel, and traverses the vale of Edeyrnion to Corwen, ten miles and a half from Llangollen; but its course below Corwen is nearly due east, and here are the most beautiful parts, the vale of Glyndyfrdwy and Llantysilio, within a few miles above Llangollen.

The house engaged for the Queen's sojourn in this region is nearly twenty miles from Llangollen, and not far from Bala. It is at Llandderfel, a village and railway station preserving the name of St. Derfel, a hermit or holy man of the sixth century, whose wooden image, with that of a stag miraculously tamed and taught by him, used to be kept for pious veneration in the parish church. The late Mr. Henry Robertson, the able

engineer of the great Dee railway viaduct five miles from Llangollen, who was also, for some time, M.P. for Merionethshire, built the mansion of Palé, and it is worthy to be the Queen's lodging. It has received, among other private guests, John Bright and Henry Fawcett, when they enjoyed the sport of angling in the Dee. Here the banks of the winding river are beautifully wooded, and rise in verdant knolls of charming various aspects. Bala, which is like Llangollen, a small market town, and is situated at the lower end of its lake, has no particular attractions except its convenience for tourists. It is the junction for railway branches to the Vale of Festiniog, in one direction, to Dolgelly and Barmouth, in another, and for the roads crossing the Berwyns and other hill ranges southward to the Vyrnwy district, where the Liverpool Corporation Waterworks are constructing a reservoir-lake much bigger than the Lake of Bala. The mountains overlooking Bala Lake, and better seen from a boat than from either shore, are grand enough. There is Arenig Fawr, on the one hand, 2000 ft. high; Aran Benlyn and Aran Mawddwy, nearly 3000 ft., on the other; but they are distant, and scarcely belong to the Deeside scenery.

Corwen, twelve miles from Bala, has some claim to historical importance as the headquarters of Owen Glendower, the brave leader of the Welsh nation in their last struggle for independence, in the reign of King Henry IV. He was the

feudal lord and chieftain of the most powerful clan in this region; he claimed descent from Llewellyn, the last reigning native Prince of Wales. Being taken to London as a hostage, he had been educated as a knight, and had studied law, history, science, and philosophy, till the country-folk believed him to be a magician. Shakespeare does not make him a very heroic figure; but English national prejudices may have distorted the character of Owen Glendower as well as that of Joan of Arc. At a much earlier period, nearly three centuries before, Corwen had witnessed a more successful resistance to the English, when the invading army of Henry II. was defeated by Owen Gwynedd in 1165.

Coming on down the river's course towards Llangollen with the Royal visitors this summer, we see a reputed memorial of the Welsh hero in "Owen Glendower's Mound," four miles from Corwen: a fir-crowned hill upon which he could take his stand, monarch of all he surveyed. Here lies the Vale of Glyndyfrdwy, some romantic scenes in which are delineated in our Artist's Sketches. Approaching three or four miles nearer to Llangollen, we find the local features so interesting as to claim a more particular description.

The Berwyn railway-station, within two miles of the pretty little town of Llangollen, is the point where the special beauties of this neighbourhood are fully revealed, and from which they can be minutely explored by short and easy walks.

Llantysilio, or Llantisilio as it is sometimes written, is a delightful place; here the Dee is crossed by a chain-bridge, close to which is a small inn; and Sir Theodore Martin, well known to everybody as an accomplished literary scholar, a confidential servant of her Majesty, and Clerk to her Privy Council, with his accomplished wife, whom thousands of playgoers have admired as Miss Helen Faucit, possess their summer residence, called Bryntysilio, looking down on the charming valley. The foaming river, flowing over a stony bed, with high banks of rock, grassy hills, and rich woodlands, has been checked by a semicircular weir, forming a little artificial cascade, the "Horse-shoe Falls," constructed by the engineer Telford to supply water to the Ellesmere or Shropshire Union Canal. The village churchyard is adorned with large old yew-trees; the park of Llantysilio Hall spreads wide beyond; and vales and dells of inviting aspect seem to offer no end of pleasant rambles.

One object of such a little excursion is to see the ruined Abbey of Valle Crucis, the finest in North Wales, though not so fine as Tintern Abbey. It was a Cistercian monastery, built six hundred years ago by Prince Madoc ap-Griffith, grandson of Owen Gwynedd, and destroyed, like most others, by order of King Henry VIII. The Early English or Gothic style of Pointed architecture—whichever you please to call a noble style, which was neither peculiarly English nor properly



VILLAGE OF LLANGOLLEN, ON THE DEE: VIEW FROM THE HAND HOTEL.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES.

Gothic, that of the thirteenth century—is exemplified in the few remaining windows and other fragments of this building. In a meadow near it stands an ancient stone pillar, which some antiquaries fancy to have been part of a stone cross, and to have given Valle Crucis its name. Others regard it as a Roman column, perhaps a trophy carried away by the ancient West Britons after destroying some Roman stations. It is called the Pillar of Eliseg, who was a chieftain of the land of Powys in the times of prolonged strife and turmoil after the Romans left Britain.

In and about Llangollen there are many more sights worthy of note than the Queen could have time to see. The old Welsh stronghold or castle of Dinas Bran, possibly named after a stream called the Bran, but which Englishmen, learning that "bran" means also a crow, have translated into "Crow Castle," is most conspicuous. It is on the top of a singular conical hill, 910 ft. high, commanding a vast panoramic view as far as Snowdon, and northward to the sea, and eastward over the plains of Shropshire. It is said to have been inhabited by Prince Eliseg, the Lord of Powys, and by his son and grandson and descendants to the thirteenth century, when one of them, the founder of Valle Crucis Abbey, betrayed his nation to the English King. The view from Moel-y-Geraint, or Barber's Hill, which rises 1000 ft. above the Dee, is still more extensive on the Welsh side.

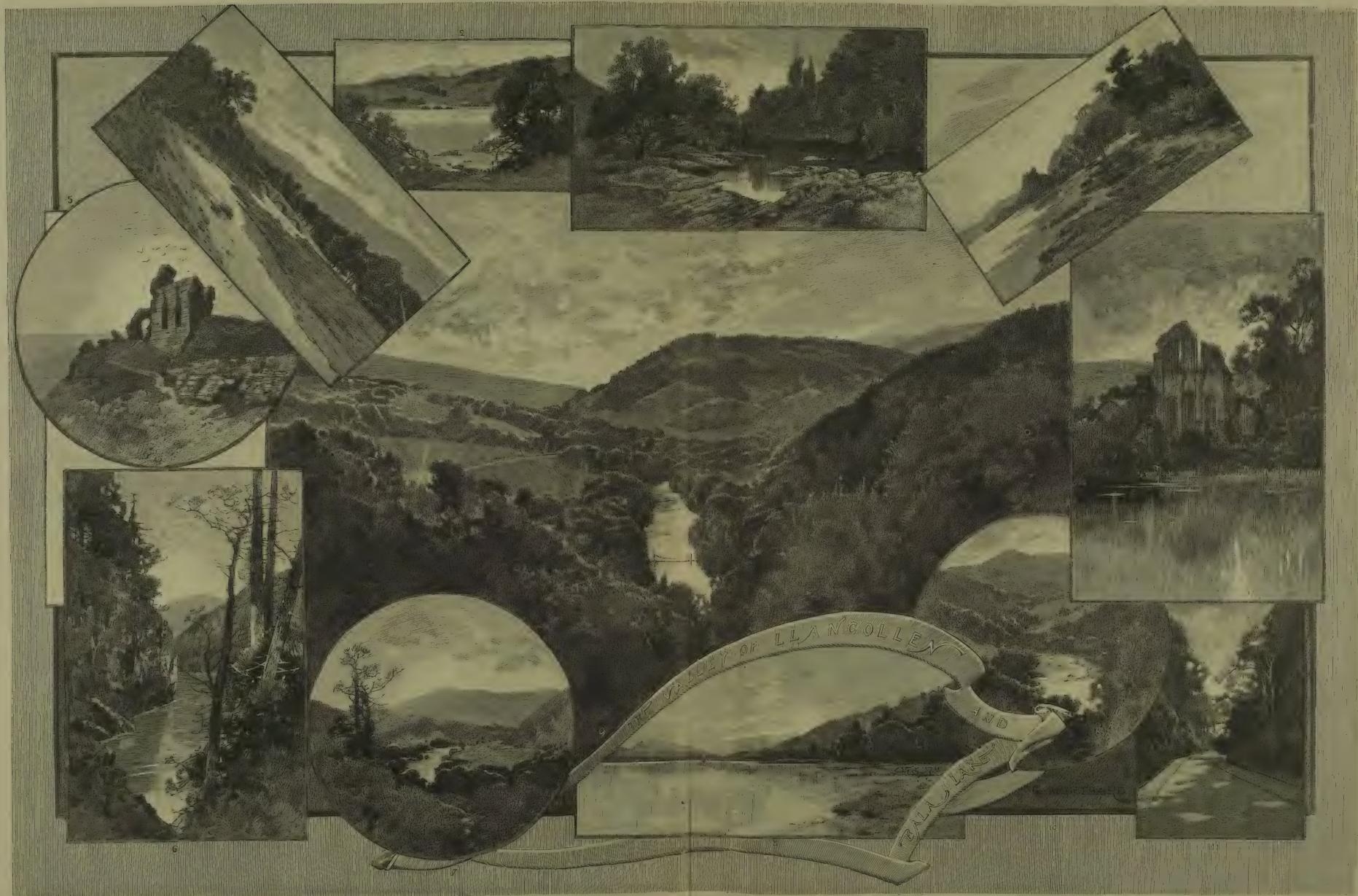
Plas Newydd—that is to say, in plain English, "New Place"—is a quaint, fantastic, curious, and pretty house at Llangollen, filled with rich old oak carvings, antique furniture, stained glass, ivories, bronzes, china, toys, and artistic decorations of various styles and periods, a museum rather than a mansion. But it was the residence of those two famous old ladies whose memory is associated with Llangollen: Lady Eleanor Butler

and her friend, the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, who lived here together from their youth to extreme old age, one dying at the age of ninety in 1829. They were very odd in their fashion of dress, wearing hats, neckcloths, and coats like those of men, but were intelligent and benevolent women, much esteemed by their poorer neighbours, and they were visited by many persons of rank and note. General Yorke, C.B., is the present owner of Plas Newydd, and preserves their collections of curiosities in the former state.

A GIPSY WEDDING.

The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Vienna writes: "One day last week a troupe of gypsies halted in front of the Bohemian Mill, a snug-looking inn, situated in the Viennese suburb of Nuszdorf. An old man with a flowing white beard got down from one of the carts belonging to the company, and inquired of the host whether a gipsy wedding could take place there, adding that they would pay well. At the same time he exhibited a paper establishing his identity as Butura Simi, captain of a gipsy tribe, mustering forty souls. The party were invited to take up their quarters in the garden attached to the premises. Presently the hostess ventured to inquire in which church the ceremony would take place. 'Thy garden will be our church,' replied one of the band, 'and our captain is our priest.' In a short time the gypsies got comfortably settled, and the men with little trouble erected seven tents, two of them being pitched a short distance from the five others. In these two tents the bride and bridegroom resided prior to their wedding. The five others accommodated the remainder of the party, which consisted in all of twelve men, fifteen women, and thirteen children. The first evening was spent in

carousing at the inn. The next morning the men surrounded the bridegroom's tent and drank his health with brandy. The women assembled at the bride's quarters and ate sweetmeats with her. On a signal given by the captain, the whole party withdrew to their tents. At midday they turned out again, in holiday attire, for the marriage ceremony. Captain Simi wore a dark green dolman thrown over his shoulders, and a red waistcoat with large silver buttons. He advanced slowly towards the tents. Two young men fetched the bridegroom, while the bride was assisted by two old women. Two fiddles and two bassoons struck up a Zigeuner melody, sung in chorus by all present. The bride and bridegroom were then led before the captain. Yemra, the bride, is a handsome girl of seventeen, with eyes and hair as black as jet. She wore a red gown with white trimming, and patent-leather laced boots. Katilu Gyefan, the bridegroom, is a well-built youth of one-and-twenty, with a pleasant face, a black moustache, and bushy hair. A yellow scarf was handed by an old man to the captain, who bound it lightly round the wrists of the happy pair, saying as he did so, 'Man and wife must be bound together.' He then took an earthenware jar and poured the contents—a small quantity of wine—over their heads, reciting words to this effect: 'Sometimes wine is sour; so is life. Sometimes wine is sweet; so is life. The existence of Zigeuners is a mixture of sour and sweet.' He then took off the yellow scarf and said: 'Ye are now a true Zigeuner couple.' This brought the ceremony to a close. The young people were congratulated by their companions, and afterwards they all adjourned to the public room of the Bohemian Mill, where feasting and merrymaking occupied the rest of the day."



1. Bridge of Llandderfel, on the Dee, near Pwll.
2. Outlet of Bala Lake.

3. View on the Dee.
4. Llan-y-Gill Bay, Bala Lake.

5. Dinas Bran, or Crow Castle, near Llangollen.
6. Rocks on the Dee.

7. Vale of Llantilio, near Llangollen.
8. Bala Lake (Llyn Tegid).

9. Vale of Glyndyfrdwy, near Llangollen.
10. View in Glyndyfrdwy.

11. Holyhead Road, between Llangollen and Llandderfel.
12. Valle Crucis Abbey, Llangollen.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES.

WOODLANDS IN LATE SUMMER.

In visiting a few days since the woods where my boyhood was whiled away, nothing surprised me so much as the little physical change which they seemed to have undergone: a dozen years had scarcely made deeper lines on the bark of my favourite trees, the oaks and ashes, than on my own forehead. Then, as regards the living inhabitants of the wood, I found them, with few exceptions, in precisely the same spots where I should have looked for them in the old times, and should have found them.

Late summer is not, it is true, a very favourable season for looking after birds, owing to their silence at this time of year; yet you may be sure they are still present in the woods, and with a little care and patience their lurking-places may be discovered.

Issuing from the little rural station, I walked along the dusty high-road, stopping now and again to listen to the stream which flows through some sweet water-meadows on the right. Presently, a mile or so from the station, I turned aside out of the main road and followed a rough wagon track with high untrimmed hedges. The music of the stream died away, and before long I came to the outskirts of a quiet little hamlet. In the garden of one of the cottages—a new red-brick building, yet not unpicturesque in appearance, even though tiles have, of course, been substituted for thatch—a very bent and aged man was making a pretence of weeding and tending the flowers and vegetables, while a young woman with a baby on her arm stood by and chatted to him. As I passed they glanced up: the woman uttered some interjection of surprise, and they both stopped talking and looked at me. Why is it that when you suddenly come upon two people conversing on a country road they instantly become silent? Is it from a natural feeling of reserve, or does the unexpected presence of a stranger constitute a source of greater interest than lies in their conversation? The opportunity of having a chat with a stranger from the outer world was too tempting to be lost, so just as I was passing the wicket-gate the old fellow recalled me with a remark about the weather. Whereupon I felt constrained to stop a few minutes and talk to him. We spoke about the harvest, about the probability of a good root crop, and about the weather: meanwhile the woman—who turned out to be his granddaughter—stood by, adding to some of the old fellow's observations and correcting others. Before turning to go I handed him, over the low hedge, some morning papers, which he accepted with an evident delight, esteeming the gift as quite a handsome one. Then I passed on without asking one of the questions which lay nearest my heart. As a child I had a score of village friends living in and around the hamlet, yet I dared not ask after them now, for that some would be dead—long dead—well I knew; some settled in distant villages, some emigrated to foreign shores, and those remaining so changed that they would be strangers to me.

So leaving these questions for ever unasked and unanswered, I pursued my way along the rough track till I came to an iron gate, and passed through it into a stubble field which led direct to the wood, to—

Our wood, that is dearer than all.

A flock of small birds—sparrows and greenfinches—flew up noisily at my approach, and scattered themselves in the hedge, from the topmost twig of which a yellowhammer again and again went through its rather strident and, as it seemed to me, objectless song.

Reaching the grateful shade of the wood I entered a beautifully green untrimmed path, and instantly became conscious of an intense silence which brooded over all things—a silence and a lifelessness half soothing, half saddening. Straightway all thought of the jarring cares of life vanished into thin air. There was no world, no state of existence to me then beyond the wood in which I strayed. The sweet sunshine filtered through the tangle overhead, and in glints of Orient light relieved the sombre greenery of the woodlands. But the sunlight seemed to be the only moving thing besides myself: there was scarcely a perceptible movement of the hazel-leaves, or a shivering of the delicate fronds of bracken—

Not so much life as on a summer's day

Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass.

Almost did I feel myself like a wanton intruder on the privacy of Nature. A sudden, startling sound woke up the slumbering wood—a sound exactly resembling the shriek of a hare attacked by a stoat. In reality it was merely a young green woodpecker on an oak close by calling to its parents for food. I crept a little closer, and had a good view of the old bird feeding its brilliant but querulous offspring. Presently I discovered, as I ought to have known by previous experience, that the inertia and silence of Nature lay only on the surface: when I took to looking after the wild creatures which I felt sure ought to be in the wood, I found them one and all.

The narrow overgrown footway led to the Long Ride, a broad straight path with beautiful glades here and there, where the sunshine dwelt lovingly. I could see from one end of the Long Ride to the other, and there was no sign of anybody but myself—indeed, why should there be, unless it were the keeper, or later in the day a woodman returning from his work? But there was far more evidence here of bird and animal life generally than in that portion of the wood which I had just quitted; the underwood was neither so thick nor so tall, and several times just inside the copse I detected rabbits nibbling the short grass; later on in the evening they would come out into the paths. A turtle-dove which had perched on the stump of an ash-tree dashed off at my approach, and an old cock-pheasant scoured away through the wood at a great pace. Hares are not often seen feeding in this wood in the daytime: they prefer to wait till the evening, and then go considerable distances out of the copse into the open fields. I recollect when a boy waiting in the evenings with a gun at a certain spot which hares were known by their "runs" to pass. I generally got a shot or two, though it was almost chance work in the dusk: crouching up against an oak-tree, I listened for the timorous and hesitating step of the hare. There seemed ever a mystery and a solemnity about the summer night in the woods. The rush of an owl overhead, the bark of a dog in some distant farmyard, or the occasional sob of the wind in the trees—

Which came from the distance and died off,
As if the ebbing air had but one gust—

all were sounds imbued with something weird and unearthly.

But to return to my woodland walk. From the Long Ride I passed through some last year's "shoots," and directed my steps towards the Fir-Tree Walk. This is the very place for such an afternoon, for elsewhere the sun is still hot. Halfway down the walk there is an old decayed seat, and I sit down here awhile and watch the lofty tops of the firs swaying gently. The slightest breeze causes them to move, and there is more air around their lofty tops than elsewhere in the woods. Nearly all the older trees have initials and dates carved on the smooth part of the bark. Here are some initials, and beneath them the date "1810." Eighty years ago!—when Napoleon was at the height of his fame, if not of his ambition, and when Wellington had just commenced to undermine his power in the Peninsular War. These thoughts

flashed through my mind as I looked at the initials; but a tree-creeper had passed and repassed the spot several times, intent only in seeking what insects he might devour.

From Napoleon my thoughts strayed to the bird-life around, and, scarcely troubling to move my eyes off the same tree, I became aware that its upper branches were quite alive with small birds: there were tiny goldcrests calling to each other, and titmice of several species, while a woodpigeon had just alighted on a dead branch, from which it watched me suspiciously; but my stillness reassured the nervous bird, and presently it forgot all about me and cooed in an undertone for a few seconds, relapsed into silence, and fluttered straight down among the brambles, where I lost sight of it. A female pettichaps or garden-warbler, with a beautiful brown topknot, rose on the very end of a bramble-twigs, commenced a short uncertain song, but, seeing me move, dived instantly out of sight. A poor, battered specimen of the *Fritillary* butterfly had been flying about these brambles for the last hour or so: it now settled down on a spray for the evening, and folded its wings in sleep.

The shadows grew very lengthy across the old Fir Walk, but still I sat restfully, and noted the movements of the tree-creeper and the other birds as they examined and probed every cranny and crevice in the rough bark in search of their food. And then I was led to think that these halcyon days of later summer and of early autumn are neither so dreary nor so sad as one is apt to believe, and that there exists in this season a resignation, a peacefulness in decay which compares not unfavourably with the buoyant mood of early spring, or with the wealth and fulness of the long midsummer days.

G. A. B. D.

NOVELS.

Sant' Ilario. By F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—Few romance-writers have more artistic mastery of the conception and representation of strongly marked individual characters than Mr. Marion Crawford; and he is most successful in portraying them as of foreign nationality and of the aristocratic class. But the old nobility of the Papal Court in Rome has afforded him a special subject of study. That privileged and wealthy community of families, which generally owed their fortunes and titles to the nepotism, ambition, and avarice of former Popes and Cardinals, was not usually distinguished by civic or patriotic virtues, and its decline in consideration, since the complete political union of Italy under King Victor Emmanuel in 1870, is a decided improvement in the condition of affairs. It was never admitted to an active share in the functions of government, which were administered by a semi-ecclesiastical bureaucracy under Cardinal Antonelli; and the languid indolence to which the numerous Roman "Princes" and other patrician dilettanti were condemned by the continuance of the Pope's "Temporal Power" was their misfortune, rather than their fault. In their private relations, no doubt, some of those magnificently titled personages may have been respectable as men of high honour and generosity; and the author of "*Saracinesca*," who evidently dislikes Italian democracy, and does not sympathise with the sentiment of Italian national unity, sets himself to the task of showing what fine fellows there were among the "Papalini," while the Mazzinians and Garibaldians appear little better than a gang of fanatical ruffians. Our own view of the history of the Italian revolutions of the past thirty years is somewhat different; but Mr. Marion Crawford's political opinion does not prevent us from admiring his genius as a novelist, or from admitting the likelihood of such noble-minded and chivalrous persons as he describes having actually existed in the small circle of defenders of the Papal throne in 1867. Some good men, and some good women, have always been found among those who have, like the Jacobites of Scotland, held themselves bound in loyalty to maintain a bad cause which was commanded to them by ancestral traditions. Their domestic life, amid the turmoil of rebellion and civil war, is a proper theme of romantic fiction. We should only think it needful to apprise the reader that, with reference to morals and manners, of which a novelist is expected to give a truthful portraiture, the Roman nobility were never to be taken as a fair example of the higher classes of Italian society all over the country. A Tuscan, Lombard, or Piedmontese, or even a Neapolitan family would have a standard of behaviour unlike that which is here represented.

The *Saracinesca* family, however, present several interesting personalities which abide in our remembrance from Mr. Marion Crawford's preceding work, and we are glad to meet them again. The old Prince *Saracinesca*, his son *Giovanni*, now called Prince *Sant' Ilario*, and the son's wife, *Corona*, who was the Duchess *Astrardente*, are three as fine natural characters as any we have encountered in recent fiction. After all, what we crave in any work of imagination are true and grand types of manhood and womanhood. Give us these, show us how they are related, individually, to one another, and how they deport themselves among the meaner creatures of the world; let them display heroic qualities, superior courage, frankness, constancy, and fidelity of affection, in a struggle with adverse circumstances, and in upright bearing when they are beset with base intrigues: then we care not what party or faction they belong to, in any country, in any age of history. *Sant' Ilario* is a brave and honourable gentleman; *Corona* is a lady whose virtues, the dignity and purity of her life, and the sweetness of her manners, are enhanced by high spirit, just feminine pride, and practical intelligence. They are a noble-minded pair, and the brief estrangement of these two, in a blameless married life, is ended by a happy reconciliation. This is the essential part of the story. All that we care for, all that they care for, is the restoration of mutual confidence and of true conjugal love between them; yet the story contains much else that makes an interesting plot, the drift of which may shortly be described.

It is connected with the fortunes of another Roman princely family, that of the *Montevarchi*, the head of which is an old man the very opposite in disposition to the honest, sturdy, choleric, warm-hearted veteran *Leone Saracinesca*. Prince *Montevarchi* is a covetous, scheming, hypocritical, and tyrannical paterfamilias, whose great object is to get his daughters married to persons of large fortune and high rank. He gives one daughter, *Flavia*, to a certain newly discovered remote cousin of the *Saracinesca*, who was formerly a country inn-keeper, but who has won money by the public lottery, and who has recently proved his claim to the Neapolitan title of *Marchese di San Giacinto*. An examination of pedigrees and title-deeds enables old *Montevarchi* to devise a method of presenting his son-in-law as the legal heir to all the honours and estates of the *Saracinesca*, which is attempted by the forgery of an ancient document. The branch of that noble family to which *San Giacinto* belongs is really the elder; but his great-grandfather, being at that time childless, and not then intending to marry again in his old age, executed a deed transferring the succession to one from whom the present *Leone*, Prince *Saracinesca*, and his son, Prince *Sant' Ilario*, are descended. It therefore occurs to the wicked old *Montevarchi*, who has borrowed this parchment for inspection as a matter of curiosity, that by inserting a few

words to the effect that the deed shall be null and void in case of the testator having legitimate male offspring—which case did actually happen—his daughter's husband and children may get a splendid inheritance. He employs his private librarian, *Meschini*, a person of extraordinary skill in such work, to perpetrate this falsification; but *San Giacinto*, being no rogue, though not quite a gentleman, is not taken into the criminal secret, which is confined to Prince *Montevarchi* and his servant.

In the meantime, *Montevarchi*'s younger daughter, *Faustina*, a lovely and innocent maiden, fearless under the rash impulses of affection, has fallen in love with a brave French artist, hideously named *Anastase Gouache*, whom we remember to have joined the volunteer corps of Papal Zouaves. He has talent and reputation, and can make money by the practice of his art, while his character is amiable, honourable, pure, and gentle. Having been taken into *Montevarchi*'s house for several weeks to be nursed while suffering from a carriage accident, he has become intimate with the family; but his plebeian foreign birth forbids the possibility of his being accepted as a suitor for the hand of *Faustina*. These young lovers are regarded by the Princess *Corona* with discreet but cordial womanly sympathy. They were at her house, with other friends, on the evening of Oct. 22, when a street insurrection suddenly broke out, causing the party to break up in extreme alarm. *Gouache* hastened to his post; *Faustina*, wild with passionate anxiety, ran out after him—a strange act for a Roman girl of high rank. She followed him to the *Serristori* barracks, which were blown up with gunpowder by the conspirators just as they got to the doors. *Gouache*, discovering *Faustina*, in an agony of terror, among the ruins, contrived to get her safely home by taking her to *Corona*, whom he fetched out of her house, in her husband's absence, an hour after midnight. Other circumstances lead *Sant' Ilario* to the painful suspicion that his wife is culpably attached to the gallant Frenchman. This nocturnal adventure he partly knows, but the Princess has not fully explained it, wishing to save *Faustina* from disgrace. *Sant' Ilario* finds, at the lodgings of *Gouache*, a letter in a feminine disguised handwriting, with a gold pin which had belonged to *Corona*: it refers to an appointment for meeting at a church. In reality this unsigned billet has been written at the *Saracinesca* house, on a stolen piece of *Corona*'s notepaper, by another person, who sought thereby to interfere with the clandestine intercourse of *Gouache* and *Faustina*. The gold pin had been lost and picked up. But *Sant' Ilario* becomes mad with jealousy, a very *Othello* for the time, though without an *Iago*, and assails his wife, the virtuous *Corona*, with stern reproaches, which she resents in the pride of her matronly honour and with the bitterness of outraged affection.

All this domestic drama of a conjugal misunderstanding, which is not finally to result in a tragedy, has the liveliest interest. It is felt that *Sant' Ilario* does wrong in distrusting so good a wife, but that his love of her is as strong at heart as ever. And when, after not many days, the unfavourable appearances are cleared away, his remorse for having doubted her fidelity, his entreaties that she will forgive him—which she does—and that she will love him again—"If only I could," she mournfully replies—are expressed in a manner extremely touching. At the same time he hastens to make amends to *Gouache*, with whom he was about to fight a duel; and whom he finds wounded after the battle of *Mentana*, and brings home with a surgeon in his own carriage. The spirit of frankness and generosity is shared by *San Giacinto*, whose conduct towards *Sant' Ilario* is perfectly straightforward. He is not privy to the fraud contrived by old *Montevarchi*; but when his legal title to the splendid inheritance of *Saracinesca* appears to be made out, *San Giacinto* is ready to claim it. And the two *Saracinesca*, father and son, believing the forged documents to be genuine, will not dispute the claim in a court of law. They are prepared to surrender both rank and wealth—though *Sant' Ilario* might still enjoy his wife's large fortune—and the judicial decree is about to be executed by formal consent, when a dreadful scene takes place in the *Casa Montevarchi*. The forger, *Meschini*, quarrelling with his master over the wages of his crime, strangles the aged Prince with a handkerchief dropped by *Faustina* after an angry altercation with her father, who tyrannically insisted on her marrying a Roman of high rank. *Faustina* is accused of parricide; but *Sant' Ilario*, going to Cardinal *Antonelli*, the famous Secretary of State, procures her release, at the earnest request of his wife, and in so doing allows himself to be suspected of the murder. This questionable act of self-sacrifice touches *Corona*'s heart so deeply that her love for her husband is entirely restored. A short detention, privately, in the cells of the Inquisition, under the Cardinal's warrant, is cheerfully endured by *Sant' Ilario*, there being no evidence against him. *Meschini*, yielding to intoxication with brandy and laudanum, is beset with terrors of his murdered master's ghost and of the vengeance of the family and the law: he commits himself, is detected, confesses everything, and dies by suicide. The *Saracinesca* titles and estates are preserved to old *Prince Leone*, and to his son, *Sant' Ilario*, and to a baby grandson. *Corona* and her husband, renewing their mutual trust and esteem with fresh bonds of gratitude, but with a love that can never again be disturbed, are the happiest of mankind after the severest of trials. *Anastase Gouache* has now a fair prospect of winning the hand of *Faustina*, since her cruel father is no more. The only fault in this story, as in that of "*Greifenstein*," is the author's propensity to elaborate ghastly details of murder and ugly descriptions of the gross physical aspects of prostration by approaching insanity. So great a literary artist as Mr. Marion Crawford ought not to resort to these vulgar means of sensational effect. In all other respects his "*Sant' Ilario*" is an admirable work of fiction, surpassed by no work of any living English writer.

The Marquis of Lorne has accepted the offer of the Town Council of Dundee to confer the freedom of the city upon him in October when he opens the new Victoria Art Galleries in Dundee.

The general committee of Lloyd's intend to found a scholarship of £50 tenable for three years for students of naval architecture at the University of Glasgow. It will be open to shipbuilders' draughtsmen all over the kingdom.

The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, which has in former years been held in the principal provincial towns, met on Aug. 19, in St. James's Great Hall, Piccadilly. The week's programme included an exhibition of pictures, lantern entertainments, papers on the Science and Art of Photography, and excursions.

The Duke of Connaught has caused the following letter to be sent to the Lord Mayor: "Government House, Devonport, Aug. 12, 1889.—My dear Lord Mayor,—I am desired by his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to convey to your Lordship the thanks of his Royal Highness for your letter about the Volunteer Patriotic Fund, and to assure your Lordship of the warm sympathy of his Royal Highness with the objects you have so warmly advocated. His Royal Highness has desired me to forward herewith the inclosed cheque for £50 towards the funds you are now collecting.—Believe me, yours faithfully, H. C. ELPHINSTONE."

THE BIO-BIO BRIDGE, CHILE.

This bridge forms part of the Arauco Railway, at present being constructed by an English Company, of which Colonel J. T. North is a principal director, to unite the central provinces of Chile with the vast coal-fields of the south. These coal-fields have hitherto only been worked at their outskirts, near the seaboard, mainly on account of the want of inland communication. The Arauco Company has taken its railway into the heart of the coal measures, where it possesses a vast territory, and by bridging the Bio-Bio River has removed the great barrier between the centre of Chile and the provinces on the southern coast. This river has been for centuries the main obstacle to the conquest of the Araucanian Indians by the Spanish armies. The country to the south of the river was inhabited by a warlike race of Indians, who resisted the advance of the white man from the days of Pedro de Valdivia until about 1860, when they were finally subdued by the Chilean troops.

The bridge was designed and erected by Mr. Edward Manby, M.I.C.E., chief engineer of the Arauco Company. It is 6200 ft. long, and consists of sixty-three spans; it will be the longest bridge in the world, with the exception of the Tay and Forth bridges. The construction was begun in July last, and will be completed in November of the present year. Each pier consists of six cast-iron columns, all sunk to a depth of 25 ft. or 30 ft. below the bed of the river. This operation has been attended with considerable difficulty, owing to the irregularities of the ground and to the heavy floods of last winter. The piers support lattice-girders of wrought iron, each measuring 83 ft. 8 in., and weighing ten tons. The whole of the material was supplied by Messrs. John Butler and Co., of Stanningley, Leeds.

Our Illustration of the Bio-Bio Bridge, and likewise the Views published last week of Laraquete, the present shipping port of the Arauco Railway, the town of Lota, which is the headquarters of an important mining and smelting industry,

and the works of the collieries at Maquegua and Quilachanquin, on the Carampangue River, are furnished by the sketches of Mr. Melton Prior, our well-known Special Artist, who recently visited those parts of South America.

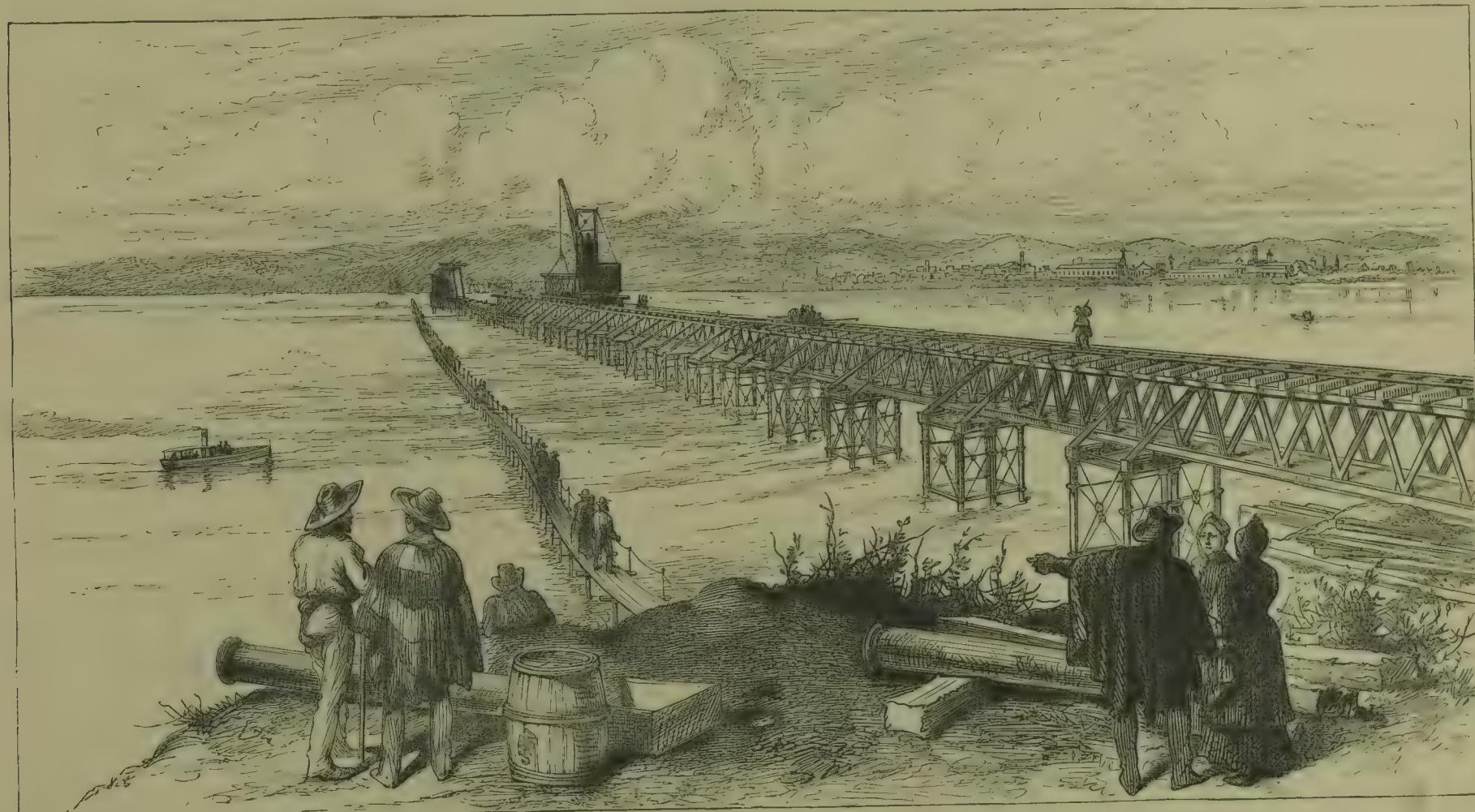
We had already learned something of the abundance of coal in South Chile from a book written by Mr. R. Nelson Boyd, F.G.S., which was published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. in 1881. He states that the Arauco coal-field was discovered about 1860 by Dr. McKay, and the first coal-mine worked was at Lebu, between Coronel and Lota. As the geography of this province, south of the old Spanish town or city of Concepcion, which is famous as the scene of two most destructive earthquakes and marine inundations, in 1730 and 1835, is little known to the general reader, we may add some explanatory remarks. Concepcion is situated eight miles inland, on the north bank of the Bio-Bio River or estuary, near its outlet in Talcuano Bay, about 36 deg. 40 min. south latitude, and is connected with Valparaiso by the Chilean State Railway. Southward of this part of the sea-coast is Arauco Bay, some fifty miles wide, including the ports of Coronel, Colcura, Laraquete, and others, on the line of the Arauco Railway, which is sixty-two miles in length, running from Concepcion almost due south to the Carampangue River, and thence onward to the Curanhilhue. The line is now open and working for traffic between Laraquete and the Carampangue, where the collieries of Maquegua and Quilachanquin, under the management of Mr. B. P. Bidder, the Company's chief mining engineer, have proved extremely productive, Maquegua alone having yielded 70,000 tons of coal in a single year. These collieries were purchased by the Arauco Company for £175,000; their average total output is about 600 tons a month, shipped at Laraquete for the present, but Colcura will ultimately become the chief shipping port. Beyond the Carampangue, on the left bank of which river there is also the valuable Peumo estate, likely to rival the collieries of Maquegua and Quilachanquin,

also the Colico estate, which has an area of 70,000 acres, and is expected to be one of the richest coal-producing properties, the railway is to be carried to Descabezados, on the Curanhilhue, through a picturesque country of wooded hills, presenting no serious difficulties to the engineer, as the line follows the natural windings of the valleys. There are no heavy gradients, and the limit of curve radius is 200 mètres. The line is laid with 50-lb. rails, rather light for the work to be done, and has a gauge of 5 ft. 6 in. It is worked with English engines, made by Messrs. R. Fowler and Company, and with cars of the American type.

The original concession for the railway was granted to Mr. Lenz, who sold it to the present Company, founded in 1886—mainly by Colonel North and Mr. E. Edmondson—to take over this and other coal contracts and concessions of Messrs. Abbott and Hicks, the originators of the scheme for developing the mineral resources of this portion of Chilean territory. At the outset the idea was simply to convey coal to the coast for shipment, and to Concepcion for inland consumption; but a further traffic in timber and wheat, and also as regards passengers, is already developing itself along the sections now open. A revenue of 5 per cent is guaranteed by the Chilean Government for a term of twenty years, but this cannot fail to be exceeded.

THE GROWING SCARCITY OF IVORY.

Between six and seven hundred tons of ivory are imported into this country every year. India, the West Coast of Africa, Egypt, and the Cape are the countries from which the largest quantities come. Six hundred and fifty tons or so does not, perhaps, sound a very great amount; but when we are told that the average weight of a pair of tusks comes to no more than forty pounds, and thus gather that nearly thirty-seven thousand pairs of tusks reach our shores yearly, the question assumes a different aspect. These tusks certainly do not



THE BIO-BIO BRIDGE, CHILE.

represent the annual slaughter of thirty-seven thousand elephants, for a good many of them are either derived from native hoards of ivory or are found bleaching in the forests of Africa or on the plains of India. Still there is no denying the fact that the present rate at which ivory is consumed in this and other countries is far in excess of the rapidity with which elephants breed; and though there are, no doubt, immense herds of the noble animals at the present moment in the interior of Africa, the time when ivory will be a thing of the past is unquestionably within measurable distance. The high prices which tusks now fetch are such an inducement to elephant-hunters that they pursue the animals with ever-increasing avidity; and, unless some steps are taken in the matter, the elephant will before very many years have passed disappear as completely as the buffalo has disappeared from the North American prairies. The favourable conditions offered to the animals by the dense unexplored forests of interior Africa will, no doubt, prevent the disappearance of elephants from being as rapid as that of the buffalo has been; but, though slower, the extermination of the larger animals will be none the less sure.

The inventiveness of the present age has so far failed in its endeavours to produce an artificial substance capable of taking the place of ivory. A variety of artificial ivories have been produced, but, though for some purposes they are efficient, in many important respects they fail. Satisfactory billiard balls, for instance, cannot be made of anything but true ivory. They have been turned from the celluloid substances which imitate it, but the necessary degree of elasticity was found to be wanting. The best artificial ivory is formed of cotton waste soaked in vegetable naphtha, nitrobenzol, camphor, or alcohol. Sufficient of these solvents is used to make a soft, plastic mass, which is subjected to hydraulic pressure, and mixed with oils, gums, and colouring matter. This artificial ivory can be given any degree of flexibility, and can be made white or of any brilliant colour. Its hardness is capable of being varied from a state resembling real ivory to a condition so soft that it can be spread as though it were paint. This product is, for some purposes, equal to true ivory; but its sphere is at present so limited that it has, practically speaking, no effect upon the demand for elephants' tusks. Now-a-days ivory buttons and such small

articles are largely made of vegetable ivory—the seed of the *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, one of the most beautiful of the many graceful palms which grow in South America. In the very heart of the tall plume of light green leaves which crowns the lofty stem of this tree are found six or eight heads of fruit (called by the natives "negro-heads"), each of which weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and contains a quantity of triangular nuts. In the early stages of the growth of these nuts, or seeds, they are filled with a milky fluid, which gradually hardens until it closely resembles ivory.

We have stated that the average weight of the pairs of tusks imported into this country is forty pounds. This figure seems small, considering how large an elephant's tusk is; and, as a matter of fact, the average weight of the tusks of full-grown animals is about three times as much. The low average mentioned results from the number of very small tusks, weighing no more than ten pounds, which are brought to the market. These are called in the trade "scrivelloes," and the frequency with which they occur is the surest sign of the approaching extermination of the elephant. In former times, when there was not the demand for ivory that there is now, hunters did not shoot at young elephants, preferring to leave them alone until their tusks had developed to a respectable size. But the keen demand for ivory has quite done away with such nice distinctions, and the elephant-hunter of to-day ruthlessly destroys any animal whose tusks are worth cutting out. Though no doubt this course enables him to obtain rather more money for the time being, its ultimate results must be most disastrous to his interests, and it is surprising that so short-sighted a policy can have gained so many followers. Mr. Eden states that in Africa tusks have been found weighing as much as a hundred and twenty-five pounds each; while Sir J. E. Tennent, in his "Natural History of Ceylon," refers to tusks of from a hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds in weight. He particularly mentions two which were shown to the officers of ships engaged in the Niger Expedition. Each was two and a half feet in circumference at the base, eight feet long, and weighed two hundred pounds. Not very long ago there was to be seen in a Sheffield show-room a tusk nine feet long, twenty-one inches in girth, and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds. The value of tusks of unusual size may be judged from the

fact that this one was worth £130. The best ivory comes from the West Coast of Africa, whence it is brought down from the interior. It is this ivory which is offered at the Liverpool quarterly sales, which are largely attended by purchasers from the Continent and the United States. London and Sheffield share about half of this Gaboon, Angola, and Cameroons ivory between them; the other half being divided among purchasers from America and the Continent.

We have so far spoken only of the elephant in connection with ivory, because, though a certain amount of this substance is derived from other animals, the proportion it bears to the whole supply is insignificant. A certain amount of ivory comes from Siberia, where the melting of ice and snow sometimes discovers the tusks of a huge mammoth which lived thousands of years ago. The age of this kind of ivory has, however, deprived it of its good qualities so far as the cutler is concerned; the "nature" has gone out of it, and it is, in consequence, of comparatively small value. The walrus and the hippopotamus yield ivory, but as their tusks are small it is not much used, except for the handles of expensive carving knives and forks. The points of the "scrivelloes," to which we have already referred, are also extensively turned to the same account. Where the tusk enters the head of its bearer it is hollow for about one-third of its length, and this hollow is filled with a soft pulp, which provides for the tusk's growth. The hollow part of the tusk is naturally of no value to the ivory-turner. It is generally cut off and sold separately, to be converted into bracelets and anklets, which are highly prized by members of the gentler sex in India and Africa. The most valuable part of an elephant's tusk is that at its extreme point. The ivory there is considerably harder than in other portions of the tusk, and is generally employed in the manufacture of billiard-balls. The use to which ivory is most extensively put is the production of piano-keys. It has been estimated that the demands of piano-makers all the world over lead to the annual destruction of fifty thousand elephants. There are tricks in the ivory trade as well as in others, one of the most common being the use of lead to increase the weight of tusks. The trader is apt to run melted lead into the hollow portions, and this to such an extent that cases have been known in which tusks weighing in reality sixty pounds have been made to carry from fifteen to twenty pounds of "ballast."

A. S.

WHY?

Asking questions is the special prerogative of children. They want a reason for everything they see or hear, and many a time we elders find it difficult to give an answer to their queries. As boys and girls grow into men and women, they cease to be so inquisitive—not so much from the lack of curiosity as from a consciousness of the difficulty of gaining satisfactory explanations of the great problems of life. Every year makes a thoughtful man more conscious of his ignorance, but he bears the burden of this ignorance without talking about it. It is only young people who perplex themselves about the Origin of Evil; it is only philosophers and the fools who ape wise men who discuss Freedom of the Will.

"I don't know" is the best reply one can give to many an inquiry concerning life and death; and, for my part, it is also the only answer I can make to half the trifling queries that arise as we walk the streets, or read the papers, or dine with one's friends, or travel by railroad. It is really a very puzzling world. Why did my wealthy neighbour Tomkins give me a distant bow one day, and walk across the road to shake hands with me a month afterwards? He may have heard in the meantime that a wealthy uncle had died leaving me his heir; but surely Tomkins could not be affected by a circumstance like that? "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow," says Pope, and I hope I was as good a man on £500 a year as I am now on £5000. Yet other folk as well as Tomkins treat me with more respect than formerly, and my cook has requested me to raise her wages. It is passing strange! Being a retiring person I have never asked my butcher why his "boys" drive with bare heads and as if they were running a race. Meat may be indispensable, although vegetarians say it is not, but there can be no reason why the butcher "who wears the sleeves of blue" should vie in speed with the fireman. And yet I may be wrong, for what do I know of butchers beyond paying their bills—when I can? This I do know, and have paid well for knowing it, that when once an article of daily consumption has been raised in price, no change of season or circumstance is ever known to lower the cost again. The profit, if there be any, goes to the purveyor, not to the consumer: and I wish the clever men who write leaders for the newspapers would tell me the reason why. Then I am always asking myself when walking in our London streets why such beauty as London possesses should be deformed by hideous and often coarse advertisements; and, still more, why, in the less conspicuous thoroughfares, crossed by railway bridges, the companies are permitted to make our suburban streets more ugly than they would otherwise be by placarding across the full width of the road the virtue of some quack medicine or of some invaluable starch. I should like to know also, being an ignorant person who needs information, why upon hiring a carriage by the hour at any fashionable watering-place the horse moves as slowly as if it were following a funeral. Indeed, one might be inclined to suppose that the poor beast was only fit to be buried itself. Yet I have seen the same animal an hour later displaying as much vivacity as the horse that ran away with John Gilpin.

I cannot take up a newspaper without finding something to perplex me. What pleasure can a sightseer derive from watching a serpent-charmer at the Paris Exhibition putting vipers round his neck, while another allows a scorpion to creep over his face and then swallows it? And why does any public exhibition involving a risk of life draw together vast crowds? Is the cruel feeling that led the ancient world to demand that gladiators should be "butchered to make a Roman holiday" still alive in Christian England?

Let me turn to a very different subject. It is invariably the case, I believe, that people whose reading is confined to novels prefer the latest fiction in three volumes, however frivolous it may be, to a really fine work of art that has been in print for ten years. This is not very reasonable; but reason does not govern mankind, as one may judge from the extraordinary "fad" now so rampant in favour of first editions. But how is it that Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" in its original form will sell for pounds, while Scott's first editions, splendidly printed in quarto, "where a neat rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin," are scarcely worth a few shillings? And what means the *furore* with regard to first editions of Dickens? All the world knows, or might if

they thought it worth while, that there was once a pretty little quarrel at the Garrick Club in which Dickens and Thackeray took part, and in the course of this summer Mr. Yates's pamphlet on the subject sold for nearly £20, while a scrappy volume of "Dickensiana" was knocked down for £500. Then, again, I wonder why all, or nearly all, our new books are so badly sewed that pages become loose as soon as the books are used? I have a large number of

no profound work of science or philosophy, and, stranger still, no grand musical composition has come from the brain and hand of a woman. Why is this? Can it be because, woman being in other respects so superior to her mislabelled lord and master, all balance between the sexes would be lost if genius of the highest order were also thrown into her scale?

England is said to be the most moral nation in Europe, yet in no country is vice flaunted more publicly; and while we

forbid State lotteries and put down certain betting clubs, gambling is encouraged by the first noblemen in the land. The Turf is said to be a sink of iniquity; but the racecourse is the playground of England, and scores of people are known to live by betting. Yet so great is an Englishman's horror of the gaming-table that it was gravely discussed lately whether an English chaplain could preach during the season at Monte Carlo without giving his sanction to vice. I wonder why a gentleman may bet according to rule at Epsom, and yet be regarded as "going to the dogs" if he frequents a public hell? And I wonder, too—don't you?—how much of English morality is due to the opinion of Society and how much to the sense of what is right?

Another thought strikes me. When I was young (ah, woeful when!) English maidens, who are still the prettiest in the world, were, I think, prettier than they are now, when one girl in every three wears spectacles and has passed examinations. How beautiful their eyes were in those days! how lovely their complexions, how winning their innocent ways, and their lips seemed made for kissing! Like Dryden, I remember the power of beauty still, but I don't feel it as I did, and wonder why.

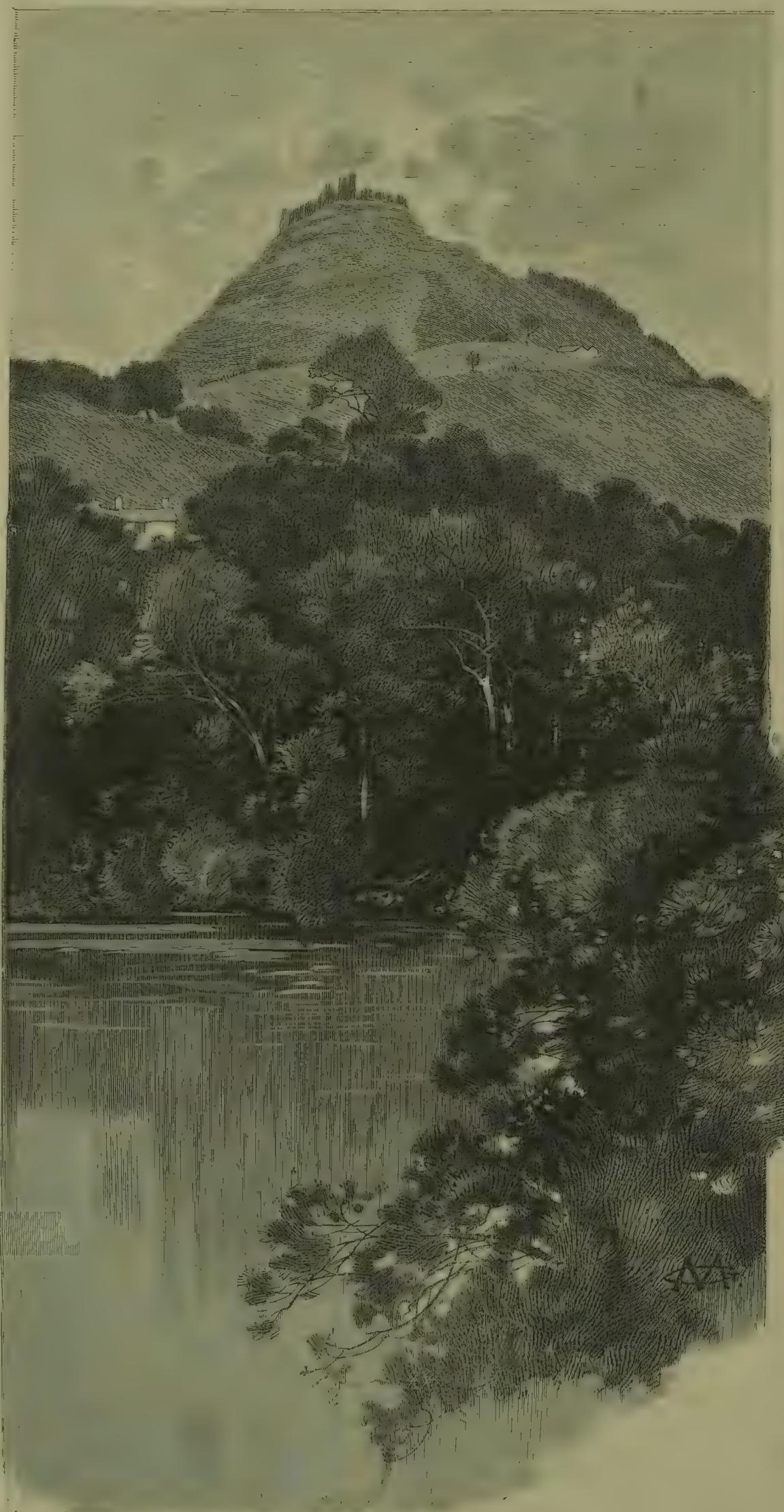
It is time to leave off asking questions for the present. Some day, perhaps, my short title, "Why?" may do service a second time, for every day in this curiously constructed world of England supplies a fresh note of interrogation.

J. D.

The Duke of Westminster, the Earl and Countess of Strafford, Sir W. C. Brooks, Bart., M.P., Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., Lady Stafford Northcote, Lady Smyth, Lady Beaumont, Lady Maryon Wilson, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, Sir P. C. Owen, K.C.B., and many other distinguished personages figure on the patron list of a society which is doing good service among the young people in the

East-End of London. Like that of too many similar organisations, the scope and extent of its utility are cramped by lack of funds, and hereto the "Children's Industrial and Floricultural Society" (Local Office, 71, Grosvenor-street, E.) has been unable to rise much beyond the holding annually of a large winter exhibition of the home productions of East-End children, and a large summer show of flowers grown and tended by the young in their homes. We hear—and it is easy to understand—that the popularity of these efforts grows so rapidly that it is difficult to keep pace with the increase. The fourth work exhibition is announced for Jan. 1, 2, and 3, at the Beaumont Hall, Mile-end, and a large increase is expected in last year's roll of competitors (which numbered 600). The cause is a very praiseworthy one, and should receive encouragement.

A terrible tale of the sea is reported from San Francisco. The survivors of the wrecked whaling barque Little Ohio state

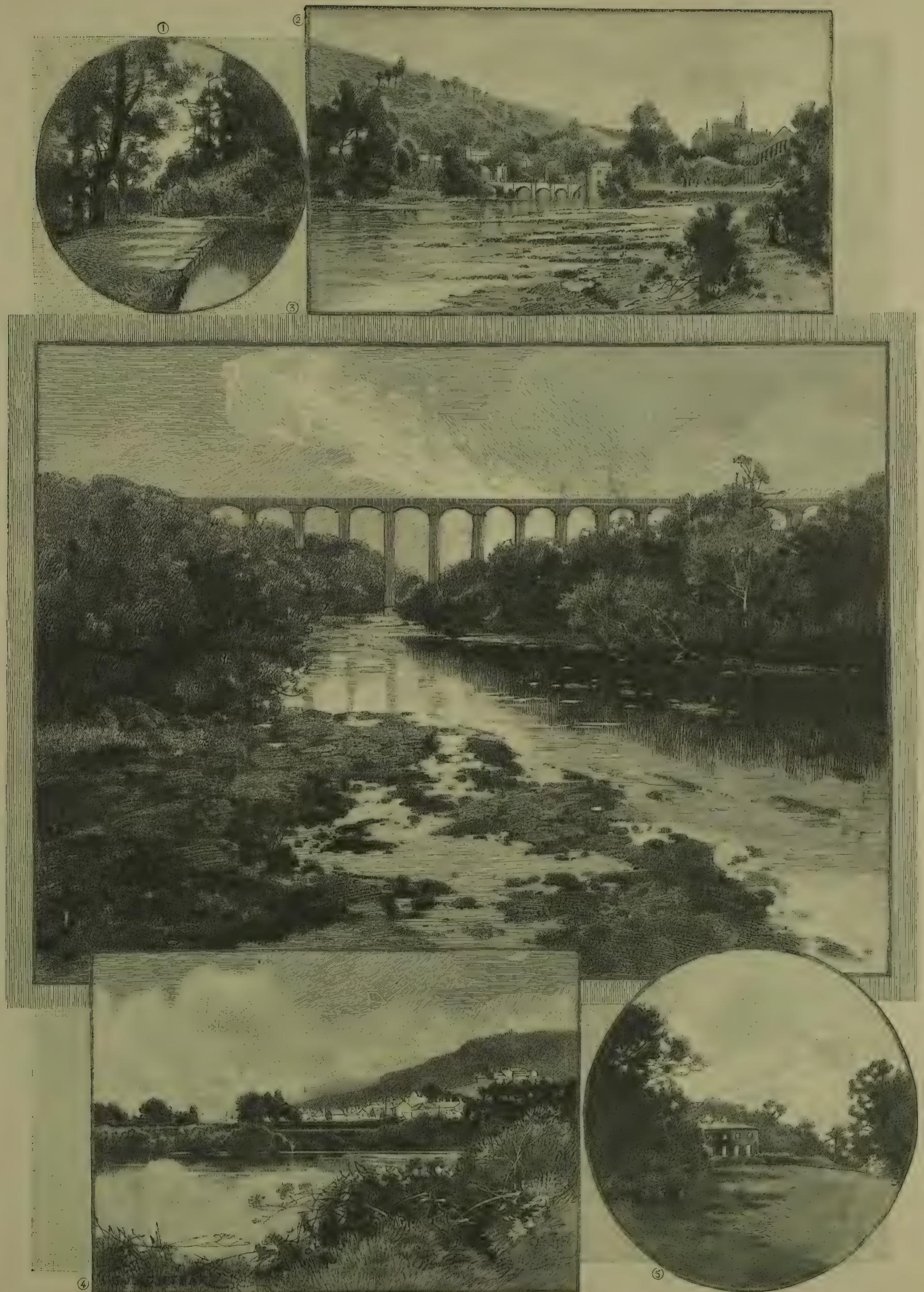


CROW CASTLE, NEAR LLANGOLLEN, FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NORTH WALES.

new volumes on my shelves, several of them expensive works, and others most daintily printed, that are in this condition. I have been told that this is owing to the poor pay given to the women sewers; but this must surely be a bit of scandal. Our great London publishers are by no means skinflints, and there must be some other reason why their books do not hold together like the volumes printed at the beginning of the century. Talking of books reminds me that much of the best literature of the day, and some of the worst, is written by women. Up to a certain point they beat men altogether, and are as charming in print as in person—perhaps more so. But women have never yet accomplished the noblest work, either in literature or in art. No great drama or epic, no great picture.

that the vessel struck near Point Hope during a severe snowstorm. The men, who were nearly frozen, could not keep their hold on the masts and rigging, and were swept away by the waves. Most of them were unable to keep themselves afloat in the raging waters. Alexander Oney gave up all hope while on the vessel, and shot himself with his pistol. The first mate, Thomas F. Pease, and second mate, Thomas H. Mills, were so badly frozen that they died on the beach. Several men were killed by the débris of the wreck while attempting to crawl upon the beach. The third mate, Joseph Enos, with three sailors, put off to intercept a passing whaling barque, and the natives say they saw the boat capsized and all were drowned.



1. The Canal near Llangollen.

2. Llangollen, with the Bridge over the Dee.

3. The Dee Viaduct, near Llangollen.

4. Corwen.

5. House on shore of Bala Lake.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.
THE LIVER.

A correspondent who professes to be interested in our weekly science budget has had the kindness to suggest to me that a paper on the liver would probably prove both interesting and instructive to my readers. He remarks, with *Punch*, that the real problem of "life being worth living" depends on the "liver," and urges that "with such an important place in the social history of civilised man" (he evidently thinks that savages know nothing of liver ailments) "it is strange how little ordinary folk know about the uses and duties of this curious organ." Now, I confess to feeling a profound and practical sympathy with my correspondent's thirst for knowledge, primarily, because this much-abused organ happens to possess a singularly interesting history. Apart altogether from its troubles—which have my sincere commiseration, although I cannot profess to go further afield in the domain of medicine—the liver is a part of our digestive economy well worth our study. It is wellnigh the first gland or organ to appear in the animal series as we trace the complexity of structure upwards from lower to higher life. A crab and a snail possess most voluminous livers. The great mass of the coiled-up part of a whelk's or periwinkle's anatomy consists of the liver mass, and what we devour in an oyster is largely the liver of the mollusc. Then as regards higher animals, from fishes up to man, the liver always assumes a great importance as part and parcel of life's working-gear. A first acquaintance with this organ, then, simply impresses us with its constant presence as a feature of any and every grade of life above the mere groundlings of the animal world.

In man, as every schoolboy knows, the liver lies to the right side of the body. It arches upwards under the shelter of the midriff—that big muscle which forms the floor of the chest, and which is the chief agent in breathing. In colour it is of a chocolate-brown hue with a dash of burnt-umber thrown in, and it is divided into a number of secondary parts known as its "lobes." This big organ—the largest of our bodily belongings—weighs between 3 lb. and 4 lb. Its position as a working part is well defined. It is what we term a digestive gland, and is an appendage of the digestive tube itself. Furthermore, it opens into this tube by a duct of its own, and along this duct, which enters the digestive system close by the stomach, bile passes, so that the food is mixed with this latter secretion immediately after it leaves the stomach. Bile has nothing whatever, then, to do with the work of the stomach. It only meets the food, let us note again, when the food has been treated in the stomach, and when it has been passed onwards into the intestine. The liver, large as it is, is composed of multitudes and myriads of small bodies named *hepatic cells* or liver cells. Cells, at large, are the living workers of the body corporate. They consist of microscopic specks of living matter; those of which the liver is composed measuring, on an average, each about the one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Like a semi-independent state in a great republic, the liver thus presents us with the aspect of a great congeries of microscopic units—its cells. Each cell, in truth, is a little liver on its own account; and the work of the liver is really the work of its component cells.

Connected with this great gland we find three sets of blood-vessels. Two are devoted to its nourishment. These are the *hepatic artery* and the *hepatic vein*. The former supplies its cells with pure blood; the latter carries out of the liver impure blood which, having been so far utilised in the organ, has to be returned to heart and lungs for purification. So far, then, the liver is supplied with blood like any other part of the body. But into its substance there also passes another large vessel, called the *portal vein*. This vein carries blood which has come from the stomach and other parts of the digestive system. Now, for what purpose does this blood (which we might have expected to be carried directly to the heart and lungs for purification) enter the liver? The answer is, that it is laden with the products of digestion, that it contains food-principles, and that, in a word, it is the great business of the liver to deal with these food-elements thus carried into it, and to fit them for the due nutrition of the body. This, in a nutshell, is the work of the liver. Once grasp hold of this fact of the blood-current passing into the liver being laden with food-products, more or less fully digested, and we may congratulate ourselves on having secured a bird's-eye view of the organ and its chief duty.

Let us now see more exactly how the liver operates on the food-products which are thus conveyed into its substance. First in order come the peptones, as they are called, from the stomach. These are the flesh-forming foods, which have been so far changed and made to pass through the walls of the stomach into the great vein carrying them to the liver. That organ, upon receiving them, effects by means of its cell-workers certain changes on the peptone-foods. It breaks them down, and transmogrifies them, and finally allows them to pass out into the blood by the hepatic or liver vein. Why the liver performs this act is clear enough. Peptones are veritable poisons to us. Singular is it to think that as our peptones exist in the stomach they are unadapted for our nourishment. The liver receives them and makes them harmless and nutritious—that is a summary of its work, and, in this sense, it is like a policeman standing between the food and the blood, and intended to prevent injurious matters from gaining admittance to the circulation.

Now comes the explanation of biliousness, although there may be small comfort in the science which declares the nature of that affection. When the liver forgets itself for one reason or another (for which reason we have ourselves largely to blame), the peptones are allowed to escape into the blood, and there produce all the symptoms of poisoning which mark the bilious attack. This is Dr. Lauder Brunton's view of things, and a very sensible view it is. Our food poisons us when the liver is out of gear. Bile, in this sense, merely represents the waste products which remain over from the liver's work. It has its own uses, just as waste products are utilised in a chemical manufactory; and it helps to dissolve fats, to preserve the food chemically while it is being digested, and to stimulate the movements of the digestive tube. But we see how erroneous it is to say that the liver makes bile, viewing this duty as its chief and only labour. Turning to Dr. Brunton once again, we find him saying that it is no more correct to say that the liver makes bile (as its chief duty) than it is to hold that the formation of the jets of water discharged from the sides of a screw-steamer are the *raison d'être* of the ship's existence. The water-jets are not the work of the ship: they represent the results of the ship's movements. And so with bile. It is a waste product, a result of the liver's action, and not the prime cause or object of the organ's life-history at all. This, briefly, is the story of the liver. It is an important organ, which intercepts the food after it has undergone digestion so far, and chemically fits it for being added to the blood to renew and replenish that fluid, and finally to repair our frames. The whole story of the liver has not been told, it is true; but to this second chapter in its history I may hereafter return. Meanwhile, we see in how true a sense, physiologically, the happiness and comfort of life largely depend on the "liver."

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

II R E.—Any friend acquainted with the rudiments of the game will teach you the notation of the board in a few hours.
E O'GORMAN.—The problem shall be examined, and you may expect a report in our next number.
G M REED.—You forget that Black can play Q takes P (ch).
II PANTRY.—The edition, we believe, is exhausted, but you may obtain a copy through the publisher, J. Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.
PROBLEMS received with thanks from F Healey, O'Gorman, and M C Shann.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2362 received from Dr Waltz and F Taylor; of No. 2363 from J Armstrong, Challice and F Taylor; of No. 2364 from A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Julie Short (Exeter), J G Grant, Rev J Gaskin (Roxins), and E J Gibbs (Plaistow); of No. 2365 from Thomas Chown, Mrs Wilson, Columbus, Joseph T Pullen, B B, Brutus, Bingham, and Adolphus de Vasconcelles (Aviers).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2366 received from J. Tucker (Leeds), J Hepworth Shaw, Bernard Reynolds, Dr F St, Dawn, Bingham, Howard A, J Armstrong, Challice, M C Shann, E Casella (Paris), P Daly (Clapham), Jupiter Junior, L Desanges, J Cond, Thomas Chown, S B Tallantyre, J Dixon, A Newman, T Roberts, Ruby Rock, E Louden, Martin, F J G Grant, F G Tucker (Pontypriod), R F N Banks, J T W, M F, A Becliger (Bruges), Julia Short (Exeter), G J Veale, E O'Gorman (Dublin), R Worts (Canterbury), Fr Fernando (Dublin). Shadforth, E E H, Nigel, Fred Mackie, J Hall, T G (Ware), C E Perugini, D M' Coy (Galway), Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Forests, Joseph T Pullen, W R Railton, James Paul (Tulsehill), J W Marchant, William M Brooke (Curbar), H R Dore, W W Hooper (Plymouth), S H Thake (Haverhill), H E W Grant (Ealing), Cliff (Geneva), F G Washington (Sudcup), H Beumann (Berlin), E J Gibbs, W Wright, F Waller, T Baron (Streetham), and Mrs Fisher.

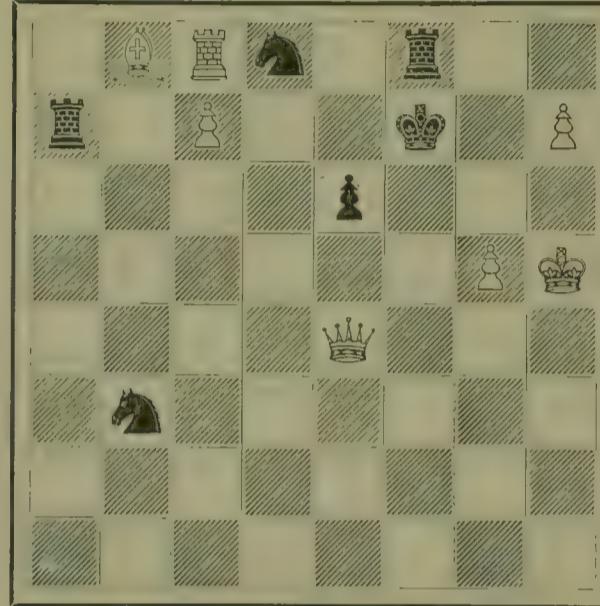
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2364.—By H. JACOBS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2368.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the International Tourney between Mr. G. W. LENNOX, of Cardiff, and Mr. W. H. MONCK, of Dublin.
(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. Kt takes Q P	Kt to Q B 3rd
2. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	23. Kt to K 7th (ch)	R takes Kt
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. R takes B	K to B sq
4. Kt takes P	B to Q 4th	25. K R to Q 5th	
5. B to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt		
6. B takes Kt	B takes B		
7. Q takes B			
This series of exchanges leaves White with the superior position.			
7. O to K Kt 4th		26. R takes R	R takes Q P
An experiment which does not turn out well. If, instead, the reply of Q to K B 3rd be adopted here, the probable continuation would be 8. P to K 5th, Q to Q Kt 3rd; 9. Q takes Q, R P takes Q; 10. Kt to B 3rd; 11. Q B 3rd; 12. Kt to K 4th, and Black's position is uncomfortably cramped.			
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	27. R to Q 8th (ch)	R to K sq
9. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	28. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
10. Castles	Castles	29. K to B 2nd	K to K 2nd
11. P to K B 4th	Q to Q 4th	30. K to C 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
12. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to K 4th	31. P to K 5th	K to Q 3rd
13. K R to Q sq	R to Q sq	32. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K 4th
14. P to Q B 4th	P to Q 4th	33. B to Q 5th	P to Q Kt 3rd
15. P to Q R 5th	Q takes Q (ch)	34. P to K R 4th	P to K B 3rd
16. R takes Q	B to K 3rd	35. P takes P	P takes P
17. P to K B 5th	B to Q 2nd	36. P to K R 5th	P to K R 3rd
18. P to K Kt 4th	R to K sq	37. K to Q 4th	Kt to B 6th (ch)
Both attack and defence here are conducted with remarkable ingenuity.			
19. Q R to Q sq	Q R to Q B sq	38. K to Q B 4th	K to K 4th
20. Q R to Q 2nd	P to Q B 4th	39. K to Q Kt 5th	Kt to Q 5th (ch)
21. Kt P takes P	R takes P	40. K to Q R 6th	Kt takes Q B P
And after a few more moves White abandoned the game.			

Game played in the late New York Tourney between Messrs. WEISS and GOSSIP.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B takes Kt	Q takes B
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. P to B 4th	
3. B to K 5th	P to Q R 3rd	White steadily keeps up the pressure.	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	17.	B takes B
5. Castles	Kt takes P	18. Q takes B	Q to K 2nd
6. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q R to K sq	Q to Kt 5th
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	20. Q to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th
8. P takes P	B to K 3rd	21. P takes P	B takes P (ch)
9. P to B 3rd	B to K B 4th	22. K to R sq	B to R 2nd
10. Q to B 2nd	Castles	There seems to be nothing better, for if he now attempts to defend the P a piece is lost. The weakness of Black's twentieth move here becomes evident.	
11. B to Q 2nd	B to Q 4th	23. Q takes P	Q R to Q sq
This move tends greatly to weaken Black's position. P to B 4th should have been played, and if P takes <i>en passant</i> Kt takes P. If the P is not taken the Kt cannot be dislodged with advantage.			
12. Kt to Kt 3rd		A palpable error. The other R should have been played.	
White takes prompt advantage of Black's last move, and now gains valuable time.			
13. B to Q Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt	24. Q to Kt 7th	R to Q R sq
14. P takes Kt	B to K 3rd	In the hope that White may take P to R P, when B to B 7th would win the exchange.	
Compulsory, as White threatens to win a piece by P to B 3rd, &c.			
15. P to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th	25. R to K 4th	K R to Kt sq
Over 100 competitors have already entered for the coming winter tournament of the City of London Chess Club.			
Mr. Jacobs has won the first game in his match with Mr. Block. The match is to consist of five games up, one game being played every Friday.			
The Amsterdam Tournament will commence on Aug. 25. Messrs. Burn, Blackburne, and Gunberg will be the English competitors. Mr. Loman (champion of Holland) and Mr. Leather, of Liverpool, are also expected to enter.			

The Church of St. Mary Aldermanry, which stands partly in Bow-lane and abutting on Queen Victoria-street, has been robbed of its communion-plate.

The Russian Government has decided to raise the duty upon all merchandise, except wood, imported into Russia from Afghanistan.

MUSIC.

Promenade concerts are now the prominent (almost the only) features of London music. Those at Covent-Garden Theatre, which began a new season on Aug. 10—as duly noticed—are pursuing a successful course under the experienced and energetic business management of Mr. Freeman Thomas, and the skilled musical directorship of Signor Arditi. Since our last notice the programmes have presented a series of varied attractions, suited to all tastes. The first of the classical nights included effective orchestral performances of Beethoven's great "Leonora" overture (No. 3), Mozart's symphony in G minor, the "scherzo" from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and the "andante" from Schubert's "Tragic Symphony"; besides lighter pieces in the subsequent miscellaneous programme. Herr Friedheim gave a brilliant rendering of Liszt's fantasia on themes from Beethoven's music to "The Ruins of Athens" (this adaptation scarcely coming within the definition of classical), and the vocal music of the first part of the programme consisted of solo pieces, sung by Mdlle. Colombati, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. H. Piercy; the lady last named having been especially successful in her delivery of Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord."

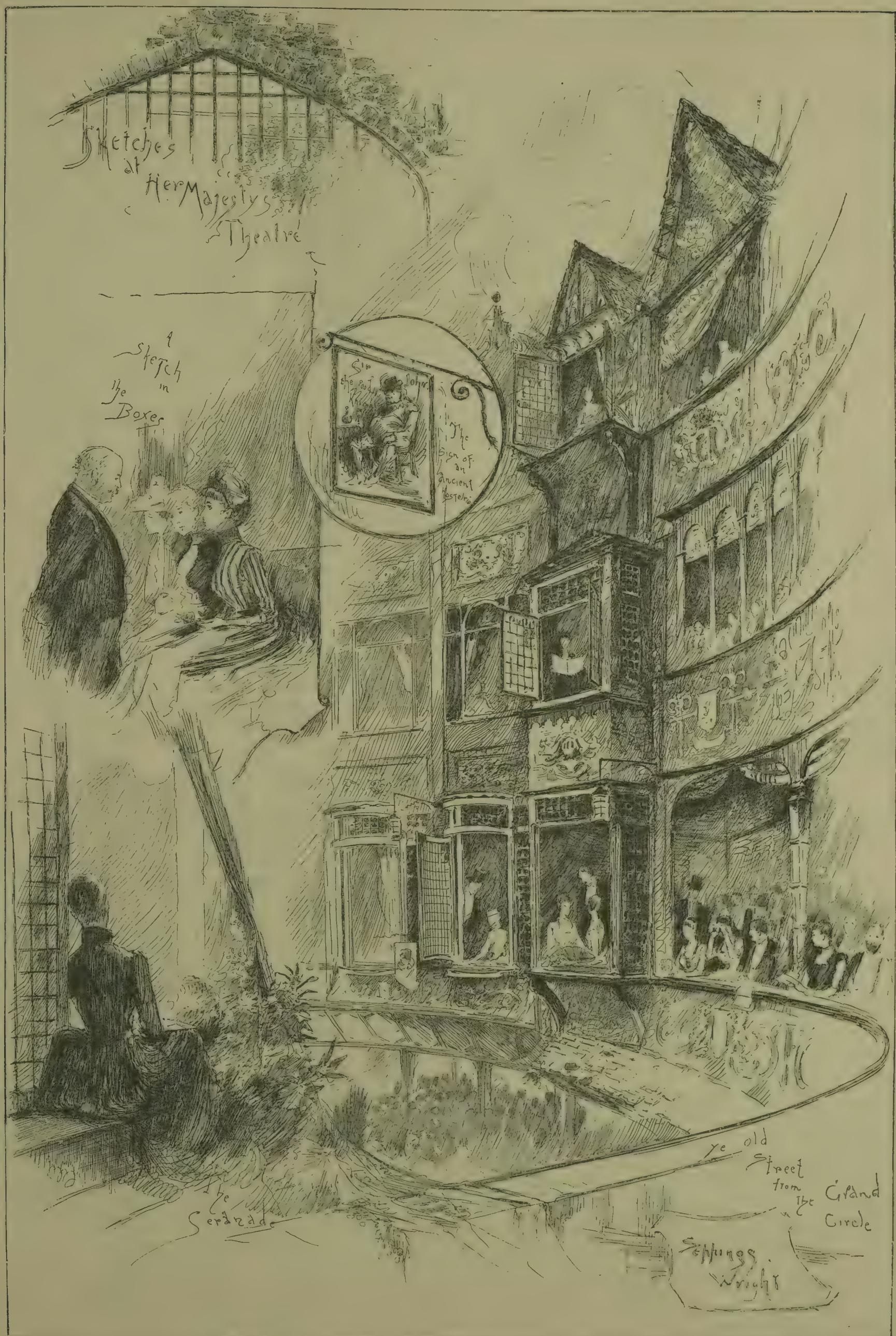
The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre opened a week later than those at Covent-Garden Theatre, and, therefore, could not be noticed until now. The opening performances at the Haymarket opera-house—on Aug. 17—presented various features of attractive interest, in both the vocal and the instrumental selections. In the former respect, several singers of eminence contributed to the programme of the evening. Miss Gomez sang Mozart's "Porgi amor"; Miss H. Wilson gave Cowen's song "The old and the young Marie"; and Mr. E. Lloyd was heard in the "Rose Song" from Balfe's opera "The Talisman." The same singers and Mr. Stormont were associated with the second part of the programme. The orchestra is of full proportions, and includes many of our best instrumentalists, led by Mr. G. H. Betjemann, the conductor being Signor Bevignani, for many seasons associated in that capacity with our Royal Italian Opera establishment. The orchestral pieces given at the opening Promenade Concert at Her Majesty's Theatre included Nicolai's charming overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the "scherzo" and following movements from Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"; M. Massenet's characteristic Spanish "Sarabande," in sixteenth-century style; Tschaikowski's "Italian Caprice"; and a selection from Mr. Cellier's opera "Doris." The instrumental music of the evening comprised brilliant piano-forte performances by M. De Pachmann, who was especially successful in Chopin's "Andante spianato and Polonaise." Mr. A. Fox is an efficient piano-forte accompanist to some of the vocal music. The theatre has undergone something like a transformation. The outside of the building has been made bright with paint and gilding, and the interior retains no aspect of its original theatrical purpose; it having been fitted up to represent a market-place of the sixteenth century—old timbered houses of quaint architecture, with their latticed windows, hanging signs, and other details appropriate to the period, give a wonderfully picturesque representation of the olden time—maypoles and garlands of flowers contrasting well with the architectural features that line the boxes. All these changes have been admirably effected by Messrs. Shoolbred. Mr. H. J. Leslie, the energetic managing director of the Haymarket concerts, may be congratulated on the successful inauguration of the series.

With the performances now going on at our two great opera-houses, there is ample music, in various styles, for the contentment of all tastes.

The Rev. Dr. Colin C. Grant was on Aug. 13 consecrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Aberdeen, in succession to the late Bishop Macdonald Gill.

The Royal Horticultural Society is organising a great exhibition of garden vegetables, roots, and salads, to be held in September. It will be combined with a conference of practical cultivators, having in view to improve the products of the vegetable garden, and to promote a more extensive use of garden fruits and salads. On the first day, Sept. 24, the proceedings at Chiswick will be followed by a gardeners' dinner, at the Cannon-street Hotel. Mr. Harry Veitch is appointed chairman; Mr. Shirley Hibberd, vice-chairman. Schedules and all other particulars are obtainable at the offices of the Royal Horticultural Society, 117, Victoria-street, Westminster, or of Mr. A. F. Barron, at the Society's garden, Chiswick.

The National Co-operative Festival at the Crystal Palace on Aug. 17 proved to be a great success, the attendance being much larger than on the occasion of the first festival last year. The chief features of the festival were a flower-show, a home industries exhibition, and an exhibition of productions of co-operative societies. There were also a choral concert, athletic sports, and other amusements. The home industries exhibition was opened by Lord John Hervey, and among the visitors to the various sections during the afternoon were Baroness Burdett-Coutts



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

Manitou, contiguous to Colorado Springs, is the native name of a sacred healing fountain, according to Indian tradition. The mineral springs are six in number. Their temperature ranges from forty-three to fifty-six degrees. One of them is known as the Sulphur Spring, from the yellow crystal deposit. The Indians called it the Shoshone, and to the next they gave the name of the Navajo. This contains carbonates of soda, lime, and magnesia. It is strongly charged with carbonic acid, and the taste resembles seltzer. Similar properties belong to the Manitou Spring and to the Ute Soda, but the latter is less chemically powerful, and it is much used as a refreshing draught. The waters of the Iron Ute are highly effervescent, and are agreeable, notwithstanding a marked chalybeate taste. The last of the principal springs is the Little Chief. This is more strongly impregnated with sulphate of soda than any of the others, and is characterised by what Sam Weller described as "the flavour of warm flat-irons." All these springs are found within a circuit of about two miles. They take their rise in a romantic region, where Art has wisely made the most of Nature. Meandering walks amid rocks and streams and luxuriant foliage open up vistas of beauty and grandeur. Numerous hotels and boarding-houses supply every comfort and luxury that can be desired by the jaded hypochondriac or by the summer tourist. Both classes resort thither in increasing numbers every year, finding the climate and the waters healthful and restorative.

From time immemorial the springs have had a high repute among the Indians. They used to travel for weeks together in order to drink at and bathe in the healing fountains. In their poetic phraseology, the Great Spirit had breathed into the waters the breath of life. They regarded them as a cure for every ill that flesh is heir to. Marvelous stories have been handed down by tradition of the benefits resulting from the use of the waters. Modern science confirms this testimony. Rheumatism, cutaneous diseases, affections of the liver and kidneys, and general debility are the complaints for which the springs are said by medical men to furnish a specific. The general effects produced are said to be equal, if not superior, to those of Ems and Spa. During the last fifteen years, many thousands of sufferers have resorted to Manitou, and have derived great benefit, after having exhausted the Pharmacopeia and spent much money in vain upon physicians.

Others, prostrate from overwork or nervous exhaustion, or troubled by weariness or insomnia, find in the place repose and recuperation. The carbonated soda in all the springs, with the special properties that distinguish them, partly account for this, but a good deal must be ascribed to the highly oxygenised atmosphere. Whether the rapidly increasing popularity of the place, and its close approximation in dress and amusements to Saratoga and Newport, will militate against its restorative qualities, remains to be seen. With the growing love of wealthy Americans for a fashionable crowd and for high-pressure recreation, such a result is not improbable.

Close by is the Garden of the Gods. Passing through massive portals of red sandstone, glowing in the sun, and rising to a height of 330 ft., an extraordinary freak of nature is seen. The rocks have assumed grotesque shapes, which are at the same time imposing and solemn. There is an outer parapet of pure white, with inner columns and buttresses of varied hues, deepening to crimson. A vast plain is dotted with groups and isolated fragments, standing out sharply

against the clear blue sky. Beneath the feet are seen the same rich tints through an arabesque of green and grey, where grasses and mosses have spread a soft light carpet. Every few yards the rocky fragments assume new forms and relative positions. The fancy is busy tracing resemblances to objects living and dead, ancient and modern, historic and fabled. Mammoth animals appear couchant or rampant. Lofty battlements, slender shafts, and leaning towers suggest architectural freaks. Titanic blocks are balanced upon a pivot, as if a child might overturn them. Resemblances are suggested to well-known classical statuary or to some of Homer's heroes and divinities. An ordinary imagination is tempted to run riot in a scene so fertile and so weird. A halo of rich colour surrounds the whole, by contrast with the delicate hues of vegetation, and with the dazzling sapphire dome above. It is a glorious kaleidoscope, that is perhaps unparalleled in Nature's wide domain.

Manitou has its Cave of the Winds, like Niagara. It lies in one of the deep and awful gorges at the base of Pike's Peak. The approach is between limestone walls of bright red and yellow, lofty and sheer, and broken into a multitude of bastions, turrets, and pinnacles. The space is so narrow that two carriages can seldom pass. Half a mile along this cañon, a trail ascends by zigzags up the almost precipitous sides to a height of about 300 ft. It is only a kind of goat-path, and sure tread and steady nerves are needed. The cave is a labyrinth of passages, occasionally opening into low chambers of varying size. All the passages are narrow, and some of them require a slow and sinuous motion horizontally. These and the chambers are not upon the same level, but lie in irregular strata. One of the largest spaces is called Alabaster Hall. It contains a profusion of small stalactites and stalagmites. Some of these have met, and form a ribbed mass. Others are flattened or foliated. The floors present incrusterations of limework several inches deep, embroidered in raised ridges of exquisite carving or of fancy lace. The walls are covered with minute and dainty corals of lime, or with what resemble small tufted cushions of yellow and white moss. As the lamp-rays strike upon this exquisite tracery, it looks like filagree-work gleaming with the brightness of myriads of tiny gems. Not ten years have passed since the discovery of this Cave of the Winds. Doubtless many other marvels and beauties await their revelation in this charmed region. It is the modern realisation of the Hesperides.

W. H. S. A.

Mr. W. Howland Roberts, of the Middle Temple, has been appointed a revising barrister for the county of Middlesex.

Judge Holl is transferred from the County Court of Northumberland (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c.), Circuit No. 1, to the County Court of Berkshire, &c., Circuit No. 37, in succession to his Honour Judge Whigham, lately deceased; and Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., is appointed to the County Court of Northumberland.

During July we imported 42,390 oxen and bulls, against 28,371 for the same month of last year; Canada supplying 10,871, against 6973, the number received via the Atlantic ports of the United States being 25,943, against 14,745. The number of sheep and lambs imported during the month was 53,483, against 75,709; Holland being a contributor of 30,948, against 43,270, while none were received from Germany, although during July of last year 22,514 were obtained from that country. The number of cows imported was 7193, against 4918; of calves 7,433, against 5,377; and swine 2061, against 3959.

A RECOVERED ART TREASURE.

A story comes from Japan of the recovery of a picture painted in 859 A.D. by Kanaoka, the father of Japanese pictorial art. It represents a figure about 2 ft. high, every detail being finished with the elaborate care lavished by the old Japanese masters on their choicest works. According to a description in the *Japan Mail*, the only parts of the body exposed were the face, arms, and feet, but the lines and colouring of these portions plainly showed the hand of a great expert. "The flesh was firm, the contours were delicate, and the colouring, though centuries had passed since the time of its application, remained mellow if not fresh. But it was in the treatment of the drapery that the artist had put forth his greatest strength. The folds hung with indescribable softness and fidelity to nature, and the splendid brocades of the priestly vestments were depicted so inimitably that one felt inclined to caress the soft rich stuff." The picture in the course of ages passed into the hands of the famous artist Kano Motonobu, and on his death, in 1559, it was among the treasures he left behind, with a certificate from him that it was the work of the great Kanaoka. What happened to it after Motonobu's death is not known, but quite recently it was found in a pawnshop in Tokio. It was purchased by a dealer, and was offered for sale abroad; but efforts which were made to prevent this remarkable work from going out of the country were successful, and it was purchased by a wealthy Japanese merchant, who intends presenting it to the National Museum. It has been said by experts that the genuine works of Kanaoka now extant may be counted on the fingers of one hand, and that the whereabouts of each is well known. Dr. Anderson, in his recent work on Japanese pictorial arts, says of Kanaoka that "As a student of the works of the great Chinese masters of the Tang dynasty he most probably adopted their teaching, with unimportant modifications suggested by Corean example, and must hence be regarded as the apostle of an ancient and foreign art rather than the originator of a native school."

Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Scott, at present acting as umpire on board her Majesty's ship Rodney in the Naval Manoeuvres now proceeding in British waters, will succeed to the command of the Australian Station, which has been vacated by the appointment of Rear-Admiral Fairfax as Second Naval Lord of the Admiralty.

The annual exhibition of paintings and drawings selected by the prize-holders was opened on Aug. 12, at the galleries of the Art Union of London, 112, Strand, and will be continued until the end of the month. The collection, on the whole, makes rather a more attractive show than on some former occasions, the greater number of successful subscribers being evidently people with artistic discretion. As all the works on view have already been seen in the various galleries, a mere mention of the best will suffice: "A Summer's Day," by Mr. D. C. Jenkins; "A Sunny Corner, Tangiers," by Mrs. Murray-Cookesley; Mrs. Flora Reid's "Tales of a Grandfather"; a sketch of "The Derwent Valley," by Mr. E. Parton; "Looking for the Boat: Volendam, Zuider Zee," by Mr. G. S. Hunter; "A Study at Whitby," by Mr. R. Goff; and the productions of Messrs. Yeend King, C. Fisher, R. B. Scott, H. C. Fox, J. M. Bromley, R. Werner, E. Arden, J. H. Henshall, Wyke Bayliss, and T. M. Richardson. Subscribers for the coming year will be entitled to a set of eight etchings, with the usual chances of prizes.

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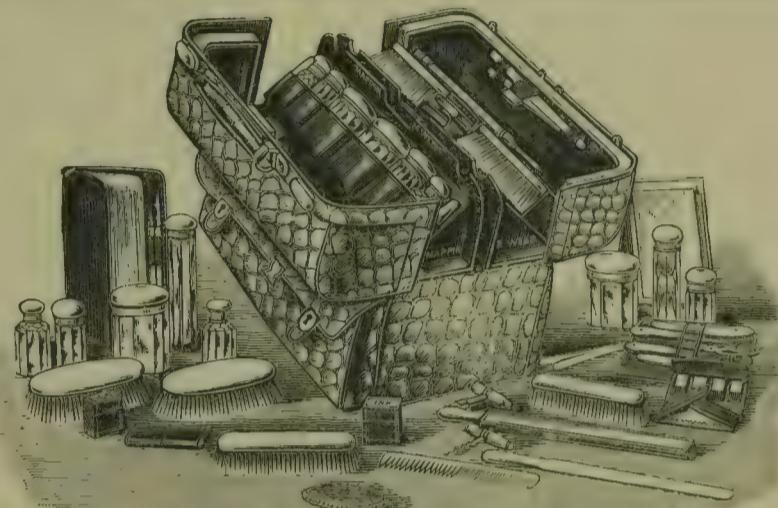
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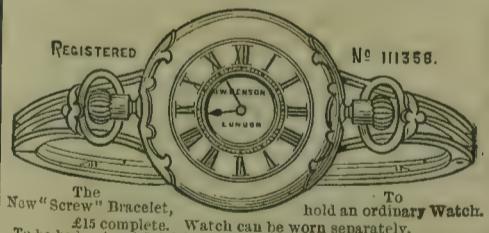
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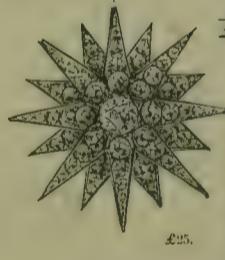
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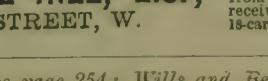
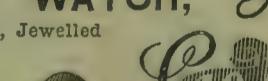
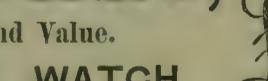
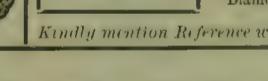
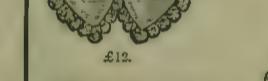
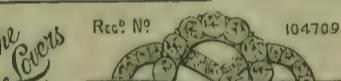


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Now that all the maternal world and her babies are at the seaside, perhaps I may venture to suggest that occasionally more harm than good results to the youngsters from the holiday trip because of injudicious management. I do not speak of dangers such as getting into unhealthy lodgings or towns where some contagious disease is rife, but of blunders in the maternal government alone.

One sees children forced to bathe in the sea, though their terror is so extreme that it is a wonder that they do not pass into convulsive fits on the spot. A few days ago I watched with distress such a case in its extremest form. A fragile girl of about eight was being "dipped" a certain number of times by a stalwart bathing-woman, while the mother stood on the machine-steps and directed the operation. The child's shrieks between each immersion, stifled for an instant by the plunge, were of the most agonising description. The delicate, nervous mite was evidently suffering the terrors of death. Few children have such an extreme dread of the water as this one displayed. But in a minor form the same scene is constantly to be witnessed.

It is amazing that even mothers absolutely ignorant of physiology should suppose for a moment that there can be any virtue in laving the skin in sea-water that can compensate for the nervous exhaustion caused by forcing a terrified child into the waves. Any medical man will readily assure mothers that to bathe and "dip" a child in an agony of fear can only do it harm. It is not the application of salt water for a few minutes to the skin that makes sea-bathing so invigorating and delightful to those who are able to enjoy it. It is the reaction on the circulation, a purely nervous affair, that does good. The child forced, shrinking and shrieking, into what it thinks a terrible waste of water, remains chilled, depressed, and "upset" for a considerable time after, and is as much injured by the proceeding as it might have been benefited by proper management.

We human beings, with our vaunted reason, are often so much less sensible than the lower animals, who have only what we are pleased to call "instinct" for their guide! To watch a mother-bird teaching her babies to fly would be a good lesson to many a human mother. The mother guided by "instinct" does not get her trembling babies by main force on the edge of the nest or the housetop, and then shove them off into space. Quite the reverse. She flies about herself, up and down, round and round, chirping encouragingly, and altogether teaching and persuading and inciting her offspring to do as she does in the most charming fashion. This is a sight that may be witnessed by an observant person any spring; and, upon my word, it makes one ashamed to contrast the gentle, wise persuasiveness and patience of the bird with the violence and foolishness of some women. If little children are not forced or dragged into the water—if they are even re-dressed without having bathed at all, if they wish, once or twice—and if they are allowed to feel certain that they will not be suddenly half-smothered by forcible "dipping"—they will soon go of their own accord into the water, and get reconciled to a ducking. But violently to thrust a frightened child under the waves can only do it a mischief. St. Vitus's dance, epilepsy, or hysteria may even be the ultimate result.

Then, on the other hand, there is injudicious "paddling." Strong children, with good circulations, may perhaps with impunity have their feet in cold water while their dry heads are exposed to a hot sun for hours at a stretch. But for children who are delicate such a course is fraught with danger. Inflammations and congestions in various parts of the frame may thus be caused. "Paddling" should be restricted to half an hour or so at a stretch for children who are not very strong.

No fruit preserves so well as the stone fruit, which is now in full season, and which is very cheap this year. Plums and greengages for preserving must be perfectly sound, so that if the fruit is bought it has to be carefully picked over. But it is better when it can be gathered fresh from the tree on a dry day. For dwellers in towns it is easy and cheap to buy preserves or bottled fruits, and there are now several makes in the market guaranteed by label to be composed of pure fruit and sugar alone. Such a label, under the Adulteration Act, would expose the vendor to heavy penalties were it proved untrue. But, indeed, the cheapness of the supply of both fruit and sugar of recent years is almost an assurance of the purity of preserves if a reasonable price be paid for them. Few town dwellers, therefore, may care to make their own preserves. But in private gardens all over the country, pounds upon pounds of fruit are allowed to rot on or beneath the trees, which might be easily preserved for the winter use of the household, or sold, if wished, through such a medium as the exchange column of the *Lady's Pictorial*, and other papers.

Fuller details about the various ways of preserving than I have space to give may be had by sending two stamps to the London Vegetarian Society, Memorial Hall, Ludgate-circus. They have issued a useful little brochure on the subject, giving a large choice of methods. The best and simplest plan is to put the fruit up without sugar, which tends to fermentation. That same process is the great enemy of the jam-maker. Our grandmothers knew all about it as a practical fact, long before science had discovered the existence of countless "germs," "spores," "bacilli," and "microbes" in the atmosphere. We may have detailed information about all these things now, if we like; we may see the process of the growth of living things, animal or vegetable, under the microscope, and know precisely how, by their development, they spoil food for our use. But like many other of the discoveries of science, this, though interesting, has not advanced us practically. To use perfectly clean scalded-out bottles, and to make the contents absolutely air-tight, were always known by preserve-makers to be the secrets of success, and so they are still. Now-a-days, we can know, if we like, that we are destroying the germs in the bottles by heating them before putting in the fruit, and that we are keeping out the spores by air-tight covering. But the really important thing to know and remember is that these precautions must be taken.

Large earthenware jars answer best. They should be boiled in a copper, the water being gradually heated inside and around them. Fish them out, and, without wiping, fill at once with sound fruit, and place them in a slow oven with paper over the top of each jar. Leave there till the fruit is heated through, but not burst. In this process it will, of course, sink in the jar. Have ready a kettle of boiling water,

and as each jar is removed from the oven fill it up to an inch from the top with the boiling water. Then at once cover close with paper pasted all over with freshly made boiled paste, and a second layer of paper pasted above that, and store in a cool, dry place. When wanted for use, the big jar has to be opened, the juice poured into a stew-pan, and a pound of sugar for each four pounds of fruit added. Let it simmer till the sugar is melted, then pour the syrup thus made back over the fruit. There is generally too much of this juice to go back into the jar after the sugar is added; the fruit syrup which thus remains over goes well round blancmange, or, beaten up with well-boiled sago, makes a nice mould for table.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord Skelmersdale (Royal Horse Guards), eldest son of the Lord Chamberlain and the Countess of Lathom, with the Lady Wilma Pleydell Bouvierie, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Radnor, was celebrated in Britford Church, near Longford Castle, Salisbury, on Aug. 15. Owing to both families being in mourning, none but the nearest relatives and most intimate friends were invited to the wedding. Lord Skelmersdale was accompanied by a brother officer, Captain the Hon. Lionel Byng, as best man; and the six bridesmaids were Lady Maud and Lady Edith Wilbraham, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Evelyn Parker, youngest daughter of the Countess of Macclesfield; the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of Lord Alington; and Misses Florence and Kathleen Hankey. The bride was led to the altar by her father, who gave her away. Three young ladies acted as favour-bearers, namely—Miss Evelyn Pleydell Bouvierie, Miss K. Wingfield, and Miss K. Cockburn Bouvierie.

Mr. Philip Bourchier Wrey, second son of Sir Henry Bourchier Toke Wrey, Bart., of Tavistock House, North Devon, was married to Miss Alice Mary Borton, daughter of the late Captain Borton, R.A., at St. George's, Hanover-square. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. J. L. Borton, and Major Reid, A.F.D., attended the bridegroom as best man. There were eight bridesmaids.

The marriage of Mr. Charles J. Oakeley, eldest son of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., with the youngest daughter of Colonel Green, took place on Aug. 13, at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.

The marriage of the Hon. Alexander Hugh Willoughby, youngest son of the eighth Lord Middleton, to Miss Mary Selina Honoria Macdonald, only daughter of the late General the Hon. James Macdonald, was solemnised on Aug. 14. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. George Macdonald, of the Grenadier Guards; the Hon. Claud Willoughby, brother to the bridegroom, acting as best man. The bridesmaids were Donna Isabella and Donna Vittoria Colonna, daughters of the Duc De Marino; Master George De Grey being page to the bride.

In St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Glasgow, on Aug. 15, Archbishop Eyre consecrated the Rev. Charles Gordon as Bishop of Jamaica. Dr. Eyre was taken suddenly ill during the ceremony, and fainted, falling into the arms of the Rev. Mr. Carmichael. He recovered, but the customary sermon was not preached.

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NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the *Composition of the Soap itself*, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1876), with two codicils (dated Dec. 10, 1883, and Feb. 1, 1888), of Mr. James Fellows, J.P., D.L., late of Kingston House, Dorset, and No. 6, Bryanston-square, who died on July 4, was proved on Aug. 9, by James Herbert Fellows, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £264,000. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement and stating that any benefits given to his wife and children, in his lifetime, are to be in addition to those which they will receive under his will, gives £500, his house in Bryanston-square, with the contents thereof (except plate), and the interest, during her life or widowhood, of £12,000 Bank of England Stock, £15,000 Great Northern Stock, and £28,000 North-Western Stock, to his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Charlotte Fellows; and £10,000 New South Wales Bonds, and £4600 and £1500 Great Western Railway, to his daughter Georgina Charlotte Fellows. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, James Herbert Fellows.

The will (dated June 24, 1878), with a codicil (dated May 23, 1888), of Mr. Henry Arthur Wedd, formerly of No. 78, Kensington Gardens-square, and late of the Manor House, Woodmansterne, Surrey, who died on May 24 last, was proved on Aug. 10 by George Wedd, the brother, and John Arthur Budgett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £113,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his linen, glass, china, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Lydia Mary Wedd: she is also to have the use and enjoyment, for life, of his furniture and household goods, and of such plate, books, and pictures as she may select; £100 to his brother-in-law, Wallis Nash; £500, upon trust, for his nephew, Wallis Gifford Nash; £200 to each executor; and legacies to clerks and servants. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, subject to a provision for his wife out of one moiety of the income, for all his children; the son first attaining twenty-one to take a double share, and the other children equally.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1888) of Mr. Alexander Petrie, late of Stockton-on-Tees, Durham, shipowner, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on Aug. 10 by Ellen Charlton and Frank Brown, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator leaves £100 to his executor, Mr. Brown; £500 and his furniture and effects to Ellen Charlton; £10,000 upon trust to pay £2000 to each of the four children of the said Ellen Charlton on their respectively attaining twenty-five, and subject thereto for Ellen Charlton if she remains unmarried; £500 and a villa at Aberdeen upon trust for his niece, Jane Scott; £500 to each of his nieces, Isabella Scott and Kate Burgess; £23 each to the North Ormsby Cottage Hospital, the North Riding Infirmary, the Stockton-on-Tees Hospital, and the Hospital at Nairn, Scotland; six tug-boats to his nephew, George Petrie, subject to his giving a bond for £4000 to his trustees, and such sum is to be held upon trust for him and his wife and children; certain shares in ships upon trust for Alexander Petrie Charlton and Frank Petrie Charlton on their attaining twenty-five; certain other shares in ships to his said three nieces; certain house property upon trust for the said Ellen Charlton for life while she remains unmarried, and then for the said Alexander Petrie Charlton and Frank Petrie Charlton; and the residue of his real and personal estate upon trust for the

said Ellen Charlton for life if she remains unmarried, and then for her four children.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1888) of Mr. Wordsworth Harrison, J.P., late of The Lund, Ulverston, Lancashire, who died on June 14, was proved on Aug. 10 by Mrs. Charlotte Emily Harrison, the widow, and Gilbert Henry Wordsworth Harrison, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. By virtue of the power vested in him under the will of his father, Mr. Benson Harrison, the testator appoints the lands and hereditaments of Birkrow and Knotts to his son Gilbert Henry Wordsworth Harrison; certain property at Newland to his son Richard Wordsworth Harrison; the property at Park Moor to his son Percy Wordsworth Harrison; the shares in Harrison, Ainslie, and Co. to his said three sons equally; and the residue of the property he is entitled to appoint under the said will to his said sons and to his two daughters, Dorothy Wordsworth Sunderland and Mary Emily Wordsworth Harrison. All his real and personal estate he leaves to his said five children, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Thomas Boone Roupell, late of Loddon Court, Swallowfield, Reading, and Old Charlton, Kent, who died on June 12, was proved on Aug. 7 by Mr. Norton Aylmer Roupell and Mr. John Harsay Torrens Roupell, the sons, and Mr. Godfrey Alexander Baker, of No. 23, John-street, Bedford-row, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7562 12s. 3d.

Eight steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending Aug. 17 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 2129 cattle, 1641 sheep, and 878 quarters of beef.

The Norwegian Government have presented, through their Consul at Kirkwall, a silver medal to Captain R. Robertson, of the steam-ship Express, of Kirkwall, and £2 10s. to each of the crew, engineers, and firemen, for taking off the crew of the barque *Velox*, of Drammen, which was dismasted and drifting from her anchors in Osmondwall Bay, Walls, Orkney, during a severe gale from the westward, and heavy sea, in the month of November last.

Lord Mount-Edgecombe, in his capacity as Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, at Gunnislake, a mining village on the banks of the Tamar, on Aug. 17 publicly presented Tom Chapman, pitman of Drakewalls mine, with the Albert Medal of the second class, conferred upon him by the Queen for gallantry in saving life in the mine. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of persons, among whom was Mr. Pinching, her Majesty's Inspector of Mines for the district. Early in February last two men named Rule and Bant were, by a sudden rush of sand, imprisoned for upwards of a week in a winze situated in an old and dangerous part of the working. A new level had to be blasted through solid rock in order to get at them, and in this work, which was attended with much danger, Chapman was invariably to the fore. When the winze was broken into, Chapman, who was himself liable to be buried at any moment, was lowered down to the two men, who had during the whole time been without food or light. He first administered to them light nourishing food, and then, attaching ropes to them, had them hoisted from their prison to a place of safety. Chapman was finally brought up. Mr. Pinching himself was an eyewitness of Chapman's gallantry, and brought his name to the notice of the Home Secretary.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The thirty-second annual report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, recently published, shows that several interesting additions have been made to the collection during the past year. Up to June, 1888, the number of donations had been 438, and this number has now been increased by fourteen portraits, among which are those of the following historical characters: The Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, painted as a child by Charles Jervas; the Countess of Sutherland, daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller—these two were presented by the Earl of Chichester; William Cowper, the poet, drawn by W. Harvey after L. Abbot, presented by the Rev. W. J. Loftie; the Right Hon. John Bright, the well-known picture by Mr. Ouless, R.A., presented by Mr. Leopold Salomons; and two of Mary Queen of Scots, one taken at the period of her marriage with the Dauphin in 1558, and the other when she was wearing mourning for him in 1560: both were taken from life by Janet, and have been presented by Mr. G. Scharf. To the 420 portraits acquired by purchase seven have been added. The first is a group of portraits representing the Court of Chancery as held in Westminster Hall during the reign of George I. This picture, the work of a deaf-and-dumb artist, Benjamin Ferrers, was purchased for £115 10s. Among the other additions are Kneller's portrait of the famous Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; Thomas Chiffinch, better known from Scott's sketch of him in "Peveril of the Peak" than from the pages of history; and Clarendon's second son Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester. Up to 1885 the number of visitors to the gallery was 1,493,365.

Major A. T. Rind, Bengal Staff Corps, has been appointed Commissary-General for Transport in India.

The Agricultural Returns of Great Britain, taken on June 4, show a decrease in the acreage under wheat upon the previous year, and an increase in the number of every class of live stock.

The annual open lawn-tennis tournament, held at Teignmouth, terminated on Aug. 17, after a brilliantly successful meeting. A number of the best players in the kingdom competed, including Ernest Renshaw, the ex-champion; H. S. Barlow, the London champion; and E. W. Lewis, the covered court champion. The results of the various competitions were as follows: Gentlemen's singles (open), final round—E. W. Lewis beat H. S. Barlow by 3 sets to love, with scores of 6 games to 4, 6 to 2, and 7 to 5. Gentlemen's singles for the county championship, final round—W. Hindle beat S. Lea by 2 sets to 1; scores, 6 to 2, 3 to 6, and 6 to 2. Gentlemen's singles handicap (open), final round—Ernest Renshaw beat A. E. Stoddart by 3 sets to love (score, 6 to 2, 6 to 0, and 6 to 4), and in the second-class singles handicap H. Davies beat H. T. Pearson by 2 sets to love (scores, 6 to 1 each). In the mixed doubles for local players, Miss Smith and W. Hindle beat Miss Parson and E. O'Neill by 2 sets to love (6 to 1 and 6 to 4), and in the mixed doubles handicap (open) Miss Davies and H. T. Pearson beat Miss Parson and J. E. Deykin by 2 to 1 (6 to 3, 3 to 6, and 7 to 5). For the ladies' singles (open competition) Mrs. Coffin beat Miss Richardson by 2 to 1 (6 to 3, 2 to 6, and 6 to 3), and for the gentlemen's doubles (open handicap) N. Lunbury Buse and H. Parson beat W. Dunn and S. Lea by 2 to love (6 to 4 and 6 to 3).

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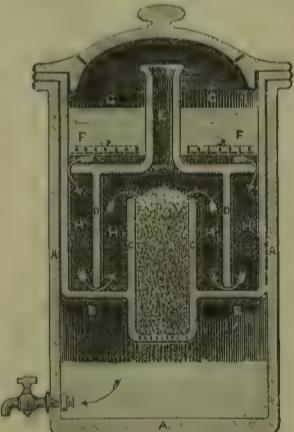
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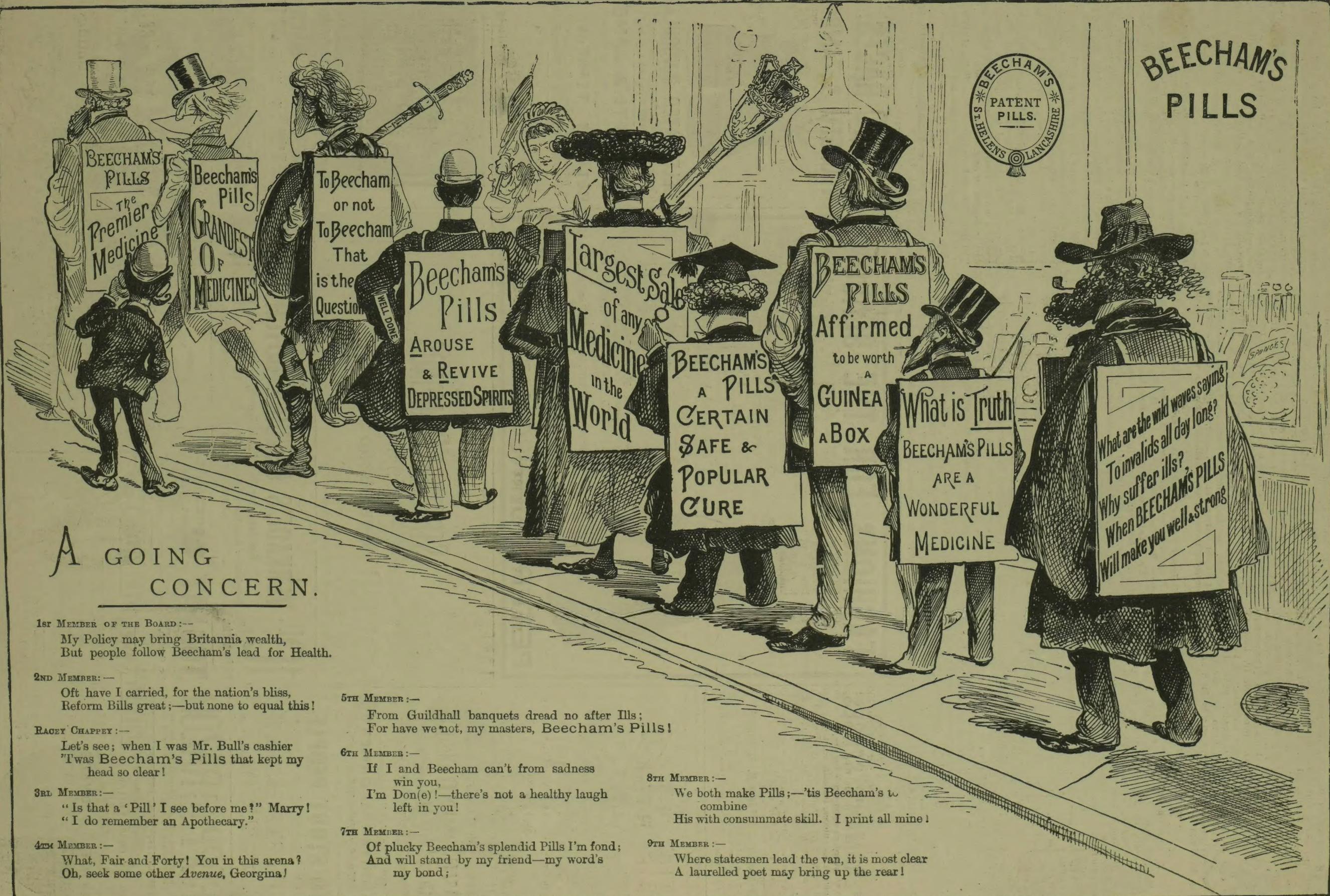
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Oft have I carried, for the nation's bliss,
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From Guildhall banquets dread no after ills;
For have we not, my masters, Beecham's Pills!

6TH MEMBER:—

If I and Beecham can't from sadness
win you,
I'm Don(e)!—there's not a healthy laugh
left in you!

7TH MEMBER:—

Of plucky Beecham's splendid Pills I'm fond;
And will stand by my friend—my word's
my bond;

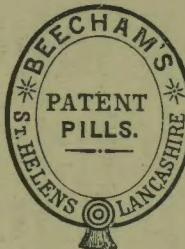
8TH MEMBER:—

We both make Pills;—tis Beecham's to
combine
His with consummate skill. I print all mine!

9TH MEMBER:—

Where statesmen lead the van, it is most clear
A laureled poet may bring up the rear!

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OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY MEREDYTH, BART.

Sir Henry Meredyth, Bart., of Carlandstown, in the county of Meath, whose death was recently announced, was born in 1800. He was a D.L. and J.P. Married in 1828 to Mary Anne, the only daughter of William E. M. Bayley, Esq., of Norelands, in the county of Kerry, he had an only son, who succeeds him—Sir Henry William Meredyth, J.P. and D.L., born in 1829, who was a Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars. The present Baronet was married on April 12, 1862, to Harriet Anne, elder daughter of the Rev. William Le Poer Trench, that lady dying in 1878, and leaving two sons—Henry Bayley, and William Clayton, who is a Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars.

SIR HENRY C. OXENDEN, BART.

Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, Bart., of Dene, Kent, died at Barham, Canterbury, on Aug. 14, in his ninety-fifth year. He was eldest son of Sir Henry Oxenden, seventh Baronet, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Colonel Graham, of St. Lawrence, Kent, and the lineal representative of Sir Henry Oxenden, of Dene, M.P., who was created a Baronet in 1678. He married first, in 1830, Charlotte, daughter of Captain Browne, R.N.; and secondly, in 1848, Elizabeth Phoebe, daughter of Mr. James King, of Brighton, but had no issue.

DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS COMBERMERE.

The Right Hon. Mary Woolley, Dowager Viscountess Combermere, died on Aug. 13, at 43, Belgrave-square, in her ninetieth year. Her Ladyship, who was the third wife of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, G.C.B., the famous commander in the Peninsular War and in India, was only child of Mr. Robert Gibbons, of Gibbons Grove, county Cork, and was married in 1838. She had no issue. The Viscount of Combermere passed, at the death of the Field-Marshal, to the deceased lady's stepson, the present Peer.

SIR JAMES MARSHALL.

Sir James Marshall, K.C.M.G., died at Margate on Aug. 9. He

was born in 1829, the son of the late Rev. James Marshall, Vicar of Christ Church, Clifton, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1851, and M.A. in 1854. He was called to the Bar in 1868, and went the Northern Circuit. In 1873 he was appointed Chief Magistrate and judicial assessor to the native chiefs of the Gold Coast; and in the same year, during the Ashante War, he led the Cape Coast chiefs and levies, for which he received a medal. From 1876 to 1879 he was senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court in the Gold Coast Colony, and from 1879 to 1882 Chief Justice. At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886 he acted as Executive Commissioner for the West African colonies. In 1887 he was nominated Chief Justice of the Royal Niger Company in Africa; and in 1889 received the decoration of K.C.M.G. He had previously, in 1882, received knighthood. Sir James married, in 1877, Alice, daughter of Mr. Charles Gwyllim Young, of Corby, Lincolnshire.

SIR JAMES WATSON.

Sir James Watson, Knight, Lord Provost of Glasgow, 1871-4, J.P. and D.L. for Lanarkshire, died at his residence, Broomknowe Row, Dumbartonshire, on Aug. 14. He was son of the late Mr. James Watson, of Paisley, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. W. Armour; was born in 1801, and educated at Glasgow University. He married, in 1835, Rachel, daughter of Mr. Robert Rattray, of Blackcraig, Perthshire.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral James Paterson Bower, R.N., on Aug. 7, aged eighty-three.

General Thomas Stock, late of the Bombay Staff Corps, on Aug. 3, at Lexham-gardens, aged seventy-nine.

Sir James Robertson, LL.D., Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Glasgow, on Aug. 9, at Grantown.

Mr. John Dunnington Fletcher, J.P., Deputy Chairman of Middlesex Sessions, on Aug. 8, at 12, Westbourne-terrace.

Mr. Gaston Murray, the well-known actor, recently. He was born in 1826, and made his first appearance at Glasgow in 1854.

Mr. Robert Wigram Crawford, a director of the Bank of England, and formerly and for many years one of the four members of Parliament for the City of London, in his seventieth year. Mr. Crawford, who was the head of the firm of

Messrs. Crawford, Colvin, and Co., East India merchants, in Old Broad-street, was Governor of the Bank of England in 1870, and had been a director since 1850. He was a member of the Court of Lieutenancy of the City of London and of the Fishmongers' Company.

Fanny Bird Lady Locock, wife of Sir Charles Brodie Locock, Bart., and second daughter of Rev. Thomas Pitman, Prebendary of Chichester, on Aug. 1, at Harrogate.

Mr. George Phillips Bevan, J.P. and D.L., F.G.S., on Aug. 3, at Yaldhurst, Lymington. He was a Fellow of the Geological, Statistical, and other learned societies, the author of several popular hand-books and guide-books.

The Rev. John Ferdinand Collins, of Betterton, Berks, J.P., and for thirty years Chairman of the Wantage Petty Sessions, on Aug. 5, aged seventy-six. He represented a very old family, which has possessed the estate of Betterton since the reign of Henry VI.

Captain Paul Amedée Francis Coutts Stuart, late of the 78th Regiment, only son of the late Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, M.P., by Christiana-Alexandrine, his wife, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, brother of the Emperor Napoleon, on Aug. 1.

Admiral the Hon. Thomas Baillie, at Dryburgh Abbey, on July 31. Admiral Baillie fought at Navarino in 1827, he being at the time a lad of sixteen. During the Crimean War he commanded the British fleet in the White Sea, and successfully blockaded the Russian squadron in those waters.

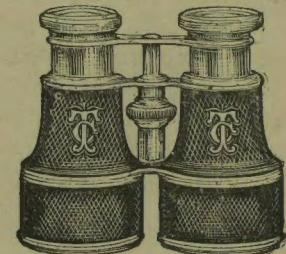
Louisa Lady George Hill, widow of Lord George A. Hill, of Ballyare and Gweedore, county Donegal, on July 29, in her eighty-fifth year. She was fourth daughter of Mr. Edward Knight, of Godmersham Park, Kent, and was married May 11, 1847.

Mr. Wm. Ralston Sheden Ralston, at one time Assistant Librarian of the British Museum, the author of several well-known works, "Kreloff and his Fables," a translation of Turgenieff's novel "Liza," Russian "Folk Tales," and an early History of Russia, on Aug. 7, aged sixty-one.

The Hon. Thomas Bannatyne Gillies, Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, recently, aged sixty-one. A Scotchman by birth, he went early in life to the colony, wherein he had since resided, having been called to the Bar at Auckland, and having filled the office of Attorney-General 1862-3. He was raised to the Bench in 1875.

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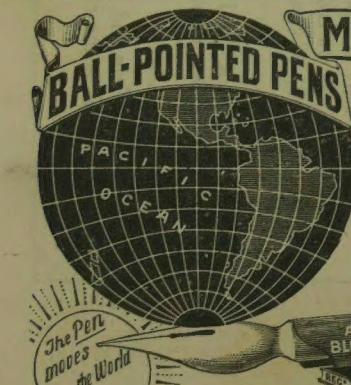
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was fed on Dr
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I have never had
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Yours truly
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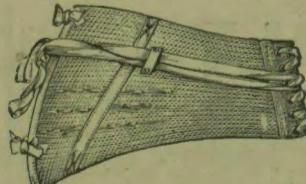
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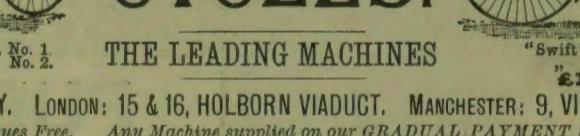
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